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THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

CIVES ROMANI AT GREYTOWN.

THE privileges of the *Civis Romanus* are, it seems, subject to limitations which render the advantages attached to that status less available than is generally supposed. If one happens to be a Portuguese Jew who sleeps on a bedstead worth five hundred guineas, one may have the satisfaction of seeing Europe embroiled in a quarrel, the merits of which may happen to be more or less ambiguous. A *Civis Romanus* of this particular type has no difficulty in getting the fleets of England ordered out to blockade a little kingdom, for the ultimate purpose of obtaining a composition of ninepence in the pound on his demands. In such a case as this, the nice technicalities of international law are not permitted to interfere with the claims of an injured Briton. Our "spirited foreign policy" rushes to the rescue—England defies a world in arms—swords are drawn and guns loaded, before it is found out that the Don who had insured his house in the Palmerston fire office had really no effects. The Greek Government give him half-a-crown to drink their health, and the honour of England is avenged. Verily, for a Portuguese Jew, it is good to be a *Civis Romanus*. Not less advantageous does the said *Civism* prove to a Hong-Kong smuggler or a Chinese pirate. Any Chinese gentleman who has a turn for running contraband goods or plundering ships on the high seas, and who objects to the restrictions which are put on such pursuits by his Barbarian Government at home, has only to hail from the pleasant little island of Hong-Kong, and he may rely on the protection of the British flag in his laudable traffic, backed by half-a-dozen line-of-battle ships, a score of gun-boats, and a couple of divisions of British Infantry. Again we say it is no bad thing for a Chinese pirate to be rated in the books of the Foreign Office as a *Civis Romanus*.

But, as we have remarked, in proportion to the greatness of the privileges is the smallness of the class which enjoys them. In order to be entitled to the practical application of the *Civis Romanus sum* doctrine, two negative conditions seem to be essential. First, you must not be an Englishman—secondly, the Power against which redress is sought must not be a strong one. It will be observed that the cases of DON PACIFICO and the Chinese pirate fulfilled both these conditions. The *Cives Romani* in these instances were innocent of English parentage, and the Powers which they invited LORD PALMERSTON to crush were feeble and defenceless. It is needless to add that the applications were in both cases eminently successful. DON PACIFICO got—not indeed what he claimed—but a small gratuity; and we hope that in course of time the Hong-Kong lorchas may ply their useful trade unmolested by Chinese police or custom

houses. It was from want of a proper understanding of the two requisites which we have pointed out, that the inhabitants of Greytown fell into the error of expecting from a "spirited foreign policy" redress for an injury which, to use the words of LORD PALMERSTON, "it is impossible not to characterize as a very violent and cruel proceeding." What might have been the case if the residents at Greytown had not been Englishmen, and if the United States of America had been a petty Power, it is impossible to say. It is not improbable that by this time redress might have been obtained, or, at least, war declared. As it is, the complaint is dismissed with a complimentary remark on the enormity of the outrage, and the English Government decline to make any demand of reparation, on the ground that they have reason to anticipate an unfavourable answer.

In order that British subjects may understand exactly how far the *Civis Romanus* doctrine will be acted upon in their favour, and where its application will cease, it is worth while to examine the recent occurrences at Greytown, in which our rulers have refused to take up what they admit to be a "violent and cruel" outrage. Greytown, or St. Juan-de-Nicaragua, is a port on the East Coast of the Isthmus of Panama, which, since the gold discoveries in California and Australia, has become of great importance as one of the termini of the overland transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In fact, it may be called the very key of our position with reference to the difficulties which have arisen between England and America on the Central American question. St. Juan-de-Nicaragua is, and has been for more than a century, under British protection. The definition of this protectorate given by the PRIME MINISTER to the House of Commons last week seems not very intelligible. "Greytown is under the general protectorship of Great Britain, but that protectorship is of the nature of protecting it against foreign aggression, and did not go to the extent of interfering in disputes between that and another State." We suspect that, if some less formidable Power than the United States had been in question, we should not have been treated by a "spirited" Foreign Minister to this distinction without a difference. May not a "dispute between two States" be got up expressly for the purpose of founding on it a "foreign aggression?" And when that aggression takes place, is the protecting Power to lie by on the ground of non-intervention in the disputes of other States? At any rate, this is a somewhat novel doctrine to come from the mouth of LORD PALMERSTON. But, taking his own definition of our protectorship, let us ask, was there not in this case a "foreign aggression?" The Government of Greytown was, as we have seen, under the special protectorship of Great Britain. In consequence of this, as well as other advantages, many British subjects have been induced to embark their capital and trust their persons in a distant and savage country. Greytown is a commercial and unfortified city, whose security and independence are of the greatest importance to English trade. One would have thought that British merchants who settled there would at least have had as much right to rely on the protecting arm of their own Government as any Portuguese Jew in a Greek city, or any Chinese pirate in the Canton waters. A dispute, it appears, arose between an American Transit Company who had obtained a settlement at Greytown, and the authorities of that place—a dispute in which the English Government seems to have satisfied itself that the Company were wholly in the wrong. The Company applied to the Government of the United States to back their claims; and hereupon, in June, 1854, an American corvette commanded by Captain HOLLINS, was despatched to the place, apparently with discretion to act as he thought fit. The spirit of the instructions he received sufficiently appears from the following letter of the agent of the Company at New

York, to the representative of the Government of the United States at Greytown:—

Office of the New York and California Steamship Line, *via* Nicaragua,
No. 5, Bowling-green, New York, June 16, 1854.

Dear Sir,—Captain Hollins leaves here next Monday. You will see from his instructions that much discretion is given to you, and it is to be hoped that it will be so exercised as not to show any mercy to the town or people. If the scoundrels are soundly punished, we can take possession and build it up as a business place, put in our own officers, transfer the jurisdiction, and you know the rest. It is of the last importance that the people of the town should be taught to fear us. Punishment will teach them, after which you must agree with them as to the organization of a new Government, and the officers of it. Everything now depends on you and Hollins. The latter is all right.

Yours, &c., J. L. WHITE.

Acting in strict accordance with these humane instructions, Captain HOLLINS bombarded the place. Finding, however, that the shells had not succeeded in destroying the whole of the houses in the town, the crew of the corvette landed, and proceeded systematically from house to house, with torches in their hands, setting fire to every species of valuable property. The result was, that all the houses in the town were destroyed, and among them the residence of the British Vice-Consul was deliberately set fire to while the British flag was flying from the roof. After this wicked and cruel outrage—in violation, not merely of the British Protectorate, but of the common law of nations and the sentiments of humanity—had been perpetrated in cold blood by the captain of an American man-of-war, the British inhabitants of Greytown presented the following memorial to Lord CLARENDON, in which the terrible story is set forth with simplicity and moderation:—

May it please your Lordship,—We, the subscribers, British subjects presently resident in Greytown, take the liberty of addressing your Lordship in reference to that disastrous and well-known catastrophe of the 13th of July, 1854, when, in a time of profound peace, and without any provocation whatever on our part, Captain Hollins, of the United States' corvette *Cyane*, after making unavailing a fictitious claim and utterly unjust demand upon the community of this city to an amount in money, also, which, at the time, it would have been utterly impossible for it to have furnished, proceeded to bombard our homesteads, our warehouses, and shops; and then, not satisfied with the mischief thus wrought us, gave orders to his men to proceed systematically from house to house, from one end of the town to the other, setting them on fire, to the utter destruction of our shelter, our clothing, our furniture, our merchandise, and everything moveable we possessed; and this, too, in the middle of the most inclement month of this climate, when the forest that closely environs this town had become an impassable marsh. The mere statement of so sudden and awful a calamity befalling, under such circumstances, an entire community; the knowledge that the aged, the women, the children, the sick, were, within a portion of an hour, driven forth shelterless amid the tropical torrents which characterize that month, appears to us to render entirely superfluous and misplaced any attempt to describe, not only the sufferings thus occasioned to the inhabitants, but the atrocity also of those who caused them. We are aware, moreover, that this frightful act has become known throughout Christendom; and that on every occasion on which reference has been made to it in public prints or public addresses, in America as well as in Europe, such reference has unanimously been made in terms of the severest reprobation and the strongest disgust. We should be at a loss, therefore, to conceive why the representations we have formerly been constrained, by the deplorable straits to which most of us have been reduced, to address to your Lordships, have hitherto remained fruitless, were it not that we are well aware, not only of the gigantic efforts our country and her Allies had to exert to bring the late war to a successful conclusion, but that since that fortunate event affairs, both in Europe and America, have been so situated—international questions of such deep import have arisen for discussion, as to have called for the exercise of the mental energies of your Lordship and all other statesmen in distinguished position, in a degree almost unprecedented. But now that peace again prevails in Europe, and that a solution of those international questions has happily been attained, the time appears propitious for our again venturing to recel to your Lordship's consideration the afflicting predicament to which we were reduced—and from no fault of ours—by the atrocious act of an officer of the United States, and in which, during the last two years and a-half and more, we and our families have remained struggling and almost despairing. It is in this view, your Lordship, that we once more entreat you to take into consideration the great and long-endured hardships of our case, and to procure us such relief and redress as to your Lordship may appear most suitable.

It is not easy to conceive a more powerful appeal, or one more calculated to stir up the activity of the most apathetic Minister. We do not know whether our readers will be as little surprised as ourselves by the reply of a Government which rests its claim to public confidence on the boldness of its foreign policy, and the protection which it universally affords to British subjects abroad. The despatch from the English Foreign Office to the inhabitants of Greytown runs as follows:

Foreign-office, June 3rd, 1857.

Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Clarendon to acquaint you, in reply to your letter of the 29th ult, that his Lordship has received and has had under his consideration the memorial which you drew up on the 16th of February last, and which was forwarded to this department by Captain Erskine, of Her Majesty's ship *Orion*, on behalf of British subjects inhabiting Greytown who sustained losses when that port was bombarded by the United States' ship of war *Cyane* in 1854; and I am to state to you that, judging from the answer which the United States' Secretary of State returned on the 26th of February last, to a note of the French Minister at Washington, urging similar claims of French subjects for compensation, Lord Clarendon is of opinion that an application to the United States' Government on behalf of British claimants would not at present be of any avail.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. S. Bell, Esq.

E. HAMMOND.

It is not often that we find ourselves agreeing with Mr. DISRAELI, but on this occasion we feel compelled to echo his

declaration, that "in all our annals such an answer was never yet given by an English Secretary of State." Until within the last two years, England has dared to have a foreign policy of her own. She has not found it necessary, as the Member for Bucks has well said, "to shelter herself under the gaberdine of the French Ministry and the policy of France." Even if the Government of France had neglected to protect the interests of its own people, we should not have expected that a "spirited foreign Minister" would venture to allege that as an excuse for refusing English protection to English subjects. Is it come to this, that in diplomacy as well as war we are for ever to seek excuses for our own failures in the shortcomings of France? But even this miserable plea cannot serve Lord PALMERSTON's Government for its desertion of the British inhabitants of Greytown. In the first place, France has not the same right in Greytown as England, for France occupies no peculiar position there—whereas it appears by Lord PALMERSTON's own declaration that the city is expressly under English protection. In the second place, it is clear that France addressed a remonstrance to the American Cabinet, whereas the English Foreign Office has accepted the outrage in silence. The Government which was least injured has demanded reparation, and, because it has not yet obtained it, England, which has been far more grossly outraged, does not even remonstrate. It is to be observed that the despatch of Lord CLARENDON does not deny the justice of the claim of the memorialists—it does not even intimate a doubt whether they are entitled by the law of nations to compensation or redress. The simple answer of a British Secretary of State to such an appeal is—"The French Government has not succeeded, and how can we be expected to do anything for you?" And this is the "spirited foreign policy" of which we are all so proud!

Lord PALMERSTON, indeed, has attempted to set up an *ex post facto* defence for his supineness, based on those principles of non-intervention of which his whole policy—except where there were very great interests at stake, or real danger to be encountered—has been one perpetual violation. But, as Lord JOHN RUSSELL pointed out, he deliberately ignored the whole stress of the question when he rested the case on the legality of the claim to compensation for the property destroyed by the bombardment. The salient feature of the transaction, as Lord PALMERSTON would have been the first to see in the case of a weaker Power, is that an officer of the American Government, without declaring war, landed a boat's crew, entered a city under English protection, and deliberately set fire to the house of the English Vice-Consul, with the British flag flying on its roof. No man—not even Sir R. BETHELL—will, we imagine, venture to assert that this is not an insult for which we have a right to demand redress. In the case of the *Arrow*, we heard enough of "insults to the British flag." The advocates of the Government indignantly refused to be dragged into discussions of international law, or to entertain the question of the nationality of the vessel. It was enough for them that the British flag had been hauled down, even though it covered a Chinese pirate. But what do they say to the insults cast on the British flag at Greytown, and the destruction of the hearths and homes of the British residents? Why, just nothing at all. Can anybody believe that if America were as weak a Power as China or Greece, Lord CLARENDON would have been instructed to write such a despatch as that we have quoted? But the policy of Lord PALMERSTON's Government towards America is as consistent with itself as it is inconsistent with the policy which he practises towards less powerful nations. From the affair of the dismissal of Mr. CRAMPTON down to the undignified exhibition of stump oratory lately made by Lord NAPIER, our American policy has exhibited a humiliating and contemptible timidity. The consequences of such a course are what might have been anticipated. Lord NAPIER has made a speech which will absolutely incapacitate him from asserting English interests in the vital question of the Panama transit; and the recent debate in Parliament, and the line of argument adopted by Lord PALMERSTON, will relieve the United States' Government from all apprehension of opposition to their schemes of aggression on Central America. In fact, they have already discovered that the English Ministers dare not oppose them, and the last news which has reached us from Washington is that the American Cabinet has intimated to Lord NAPIER that it will entertain no further negotiation on the subject of the DALLAS-CLARENDON treaty.

Such is the spirit of our foreign policy, and such are its results. They unfortunately give but too much colour to

the sarcasm of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, that we reverse the maxim of the Roman Empire—*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbis*—and that, while we bully the weak, we truckle to the strong. We are no admirers of the doctrine of non-intervention. We desire to see the power of England exercised with courage, firmness, and consistency, for the protection of the interests of our own country and of civilization at large, whether they are outraged by powerful nations or petty States. But a policy which is prompt and eager to avenge the shadow of an offence in China, but tamely submits to a flagrant outrage in America, seems to us to be neither manly nor honest, and to be one of which a true-hearted Englishman has just cause to be ashamed. We may gloss these things over to ourselves as much as we please, but we may depend upon it that foreign nations see the matter in its true colours. And the terror which we may inspire in feeble States will be but a poor compensation for the contempt of the great Powers. While they see that a Portuguese Jew has his little bills got in by a British fleet at Athens, but that an English Vice-Consulate is abandoned without remonstrance to fire and sword in Greytown, they will laugh at the empty swagger of the *Civis Romanus*—they will soon learn to appreciate the quality of the valour displayed by the "Pistols" of Downing-street. And the English people may in time discover what the merchants of Greytown have already learnt to their cost—that the boast of "a spirited foreign policy," when it comes in conflict with a powerful nation, is nothing better than a delusion and an imposture.

THE TORY PRESS.

THE newspapers contain an announcement that the day after to-morrow the Tory Press will be transformed. The *Morning Herald* is to separate from the *Standard*. The first is to throw off a new appendage, which will be called the *Evening Herald*—the second is to be developed into a morning journal, doubled, we suppose, with an evening counterpart. This happens to be the exact mode in which a zoophyte renews itself, but *absit omen*. We had little in common with the Tory newspaper-system in its former condition, and we do not expect to have much more sympathy with it in its altered form; but we do not wish that any political party, much less one so distinct and characteristic as that which Lord DERBY leads, should be without a respectable organ in the daily press. The new proprietary of the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* will doubtless take warning from the fate of the old management. Some twenty years' daily abuse of Jews and Papists, conveyed in every combination of foul phrase which the cess-pools of language supply, came at last to this—that neither Baron ROTHSCHILD nor the Society of Jesus have thought it worth while to pay 100*l.* above the market-value of their vituperators for the sake of buying not only their silence but their praise.

The fortunes of ultra-Conservative journalism have been singular and somewhat instructive. Lord DERBY's political following has been for years the strongest in the country. It has more organization, more unanimity, and, we suspect, more disposable funds, than any other political confederacy. It has plenty of activity and ambition, and succeeds exceedingly well with every other contrivance for anchoring itself on the Constituencies, except the Press. It cannot, however, be considered as standing apart from newspaper influences. On the contrary, it was led away by a mere newspaper clamour to commit itself to the most subversive movement of modern times—the agitation against Government in general which sprang up in the early stages of the Crimean war. It is understood, too, that the agents of the party have more than once "come into the market," under the impression that literary ability of calibre sufficient to dispel the air of absurdity which hung about ultra-Conservative journalism, could be purchased for money. The conductors of Lord DERBY's newspapers had quite as many material inducements to offer the journalist, as any other literary entrepreneurs; but their success in enlisting the talent they were in search of may be judged by the result. The *Standard* had become the refuge of almost every fallacy which is given in works on Logic as an example of improper reasoning. The *Morning Herald* was wielding "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." All the literary talent at the disposal of the Tories is compressed into the columns of our weekly contemporary, where, however, it has the fatal defect of ex-

clusively clothing itself in Disraelite forms. An extraordinary affluence of paradox, unsparing personality, and that peculiar tone which forces one to suspect that the writer is whipping himself into factitious violence in order to call off the attention of his conscience from factitious opinions, lend a zest to political criticism when it presents itself once a week; but the every-day journalism of a party requires more seriousness, more freshness, and a little more sincerity.

The explanation does not, we think, lie very remote, and we attempt to give it the more readily because it may save from misconstruction some views of our own which we have frequently expressed. We have often protested against certain pretensions of the class of journalists, but we do not believe that all the funds of the Carlton would purchase public writers worth retaining by a great party, in numbers sufficient to form the staff of a single newspaper. The opinions of the higher order of journalist exhibit pretty nearly every variety of colour, but there are certain hues which do not appear there, and Derbyism happens to be a shade of sentiment which is at best very faintly represented. It is a great mistake to suppose that money judiciously expended would alter this state of things. Public writers have many faults, but they are faults of the opposite sort to venality. It may not perhaps always have been so, but the change is one which has gone on concurrently with improvement in the quality of first-class newspaper writing. Thirty or forty years ago, the rabidly honest and the shamelessly venal seem to have pretty well divided the occupation between them. The Liberal journalist belonged to that order of politicians of which Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD was a rather favourable sample. He was often a man of great natural talent, and some acquired literary skill, and he was honest enough in his detestation of all existing institutions, but he was also utterly uninstructed and hopelessly perverse. This was true even of Mr. JERROLD. Amid the floods of pathos which are bathing the memory of one who, to do him justice, never himself indulged in the like hollow sentimentalism, scraps of information are being washed up which show us that he scarcely entertained a single political opinion which was not falsified by the course of events. On the other side, the Tory scribe was simply a literary menial, the sort of man who put on your opinions just as, if he had happened to have a degree or two less education, he would have put on your livery. We have a curious picture of this description of literary combatant, in a strange book called the *Autobiography of William Jerdan*. The writer, who appears to have been a parasite of Mr. CANNING's, must have perpetually suggested to that statesman some of the most uncomfortable social questions which can agitate the mind—*e.g.*, whether he ought to shake hands with his dependent or not, whether he should order him to be shown into the library or the servants' hall, and, in extreme cases, whether he should coax him or kick him. But the JERROLDs and the JERDANs belong alike to the past. The first-class journalist of the present day, if he have not the occasional originality of his predecessor of thirty years since, is obviously the product of the highest education which the country can afford. His faults are the faults, not of ignorance or of meanness, but of arrogance and power. He is capricious, inconstant, precipitate, and occasionally immoral; but the pride of intellect, if nothing else, secures him from the baser backslidings. At the very worst, he is true to his order. The *Times* has carried levity of opinion to the verge of cynicism; but still it never expresses an opinion which might not fairly be held by the class to which its writers belong. Now this class is not particularly democratic; but still it is separated by a deep gulf from the Extreme Right of the Opposition. Commonplaces, cries, shibboleths, and modes of demonstration, divide men even more widely than substantial differences; and the Tories have still a whole vocabulary of party slang which public writers of the higher sort will never be bribed into employing.

Great lords, who think that they are born to create and guide public opinion—agitators, jealous of any rival to the platform—and the large class which believes that all virtues, masculine and feminine, can be purchased with money, may not like to be told that if they want powerful aid from a newspaper, they must bend their political views to those of newspaper writers. Yet the heavy disadvantage under which the ultra-Conservatives have fought their political battles, from the defects of their literary artillery and their fruitless endeavours to improve that arm of their

service, read the exactly opposite lesson. Perhaps the Press has itself to thank for the impressions which are current. So long as journalism represents itself as a kind of divine afflatus, blowing where it lists, and moved to its manifestations by incentives of supernatural purity, society, justly disregarding these pretensions, will impute to it the exactly opposite characteristics; and, leaving out of sight its real weaknesses, will charge it with baseness, venality, and corruption.

THE LESSON OF PARIS.

THE result of the Paris Elections will prove to the Emperor of the FRENCH—according as he may have the wisdom to read it aright, or the folly to neglect it—either a salutary lesson for his future policy, or a fatal prognostic of his impending fall. That the verdict of universal suffrage at the centre of French civilization has decisively pronounced against the existing system of government, is a fact which is loudly proclaimed by the very mortification of the officials who have laboured so unscrupulously to compass a different result. Out of a constituency of 350,000, upwards of 200,000 electors have been polled, and in this number the Government have obtained a majority of less than 15,000 votes. Nearly 100,000 votes have been given for the Opposition candidates. And in considering the real state of the public feeling, it is not to be assumed that the 150,000 electors who remained unpolled were either friendly to the Government or indifferent in the contest. Indeed, the Minister of the Interior has taken pains to make this evident by his public declaration that the EMPEROR would regard the policy of abstention as a declaration of hostility. The monarchical parties (who are certainly not among the least bitter opponents of the existing régime) have, to a great extent, prescribed to themselves a contemptuous apathy as the most fitting method of displaying their opposition. And a great number of the ultra-democrats have either refused to take part in what they hold to be a farce, or have thrown away their votes by recording them in favour of refugees and outlaws. Taking into consideration the large section of the unpolled voters, who must be considered as pronounced enemies of the Government, the small apparent majority of 15,000 is, in fact, a virtual minority representing an admitted defeat of the Imperial Administration. It is worthy of remark that while, on the one hand, the candidates of the Royalist factions have received a very slender support, the Socialist party have been equally unsuccessful in their pretensions. The triumph rests, not with the dynastic factions nor with the anarchical clubs, but with the moderate Liberals of the Republican party. We are disposed to think that this indication, rightly accepted, offers the first hope of a better future for France.

The verdict of Paris is to be taken as a protest not so much against the personal position of the EMPEROR as against the system of Government at present practised, and more especially against the officials by whom it is at this moment administered. There can be no doubt that the Opposition vote has been greatly swelled by the foolish and insolent coercion attempted by the Minister of the Interior and his official subordinates. The EMPEROR himself is probably to be acquitted of any individual participation in these shortsighted and dangerous blunders. The fruitful cause of the numerous errors which have been lately committed is to be found in the constitutional indolence and engrossing love of pleasure which, except on critical occasions, absorb the energies of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and prevent him from applying to public affairs that sagacity and judgment with which, beyond a question, he is largely endowed. The consequence is that the popularity of his name and the interests of his throne are daily imperilled by the incapacity and dishonesty of the miserable *entourage* to whom he abandons the Government of the country which has chosen him as its ruler.

The EMPEROR himself, as he has shown on several occasions when he has taken the trouble to intervene, is not, either by conviction or inclination, personally indisposed to a more liberal system and a more enlarged policy. He relies imperturbably on that strange fatalism by which he is inspired, and on that singular fascination of his name over the French people which has gone far to justify the confidence he proclaims in his destiny. He founded his power, and he relies for support, not upon the consent of the respectable and the educated class, nor even upon the army itself, but upon the great mass of the poor and ignorant

population, which has responded with such a wonderful unanimity to an appeal made to it in the name of NAPOLEON. He knows well enough that as long as this multitudinous popularity remains to him, he has nothing to fear from the intrigues of the monarchical parties or from conspiracies of the Secret Societies. He knows equally well that if this single foundation of his power should fail him, all the arts of statecraft would be unable to sustain a throne which is cemented by no national interests and fortified by no historical traditions. Standing as he does not upon the support of any particular party, but upon the delegated authority of a whole people voting by universal suffrage, LOUIS NAPOLEON might well afford to hold aloof from petty intrigue, and to administer his Government in large and liberal spirit—a spirit which, without shaking the foundations of his own supremacy, might conciliate the support of a respectable and intelligent public opinion. There have not been wanting indications that he is sometimes capable of taking this view of his position. But unfortunately, except on these rare occasions, the EMPEROR of FRANCE is content to be simply what he was once described by a Minister who had served him—*un échappé du Jockey Club*.

But the miserable acts of paltry tyranny—the repeated *avertissements* of the press—the espionage of the salons—the dread of public opinion—the personal persecution of distinguished men—all this is the work, not of the EMPEROR, but of that crew of disreputable and greedy adventurers to whom he has surrendered the fair inheritance of France as a prey. These men are actuated by all those narrow hatreds and cruel fears which agitate inferior minds when thrust into a position of which they feel themselves incapable. It is these *boursicoteurs* who, true to their base instincts, *cauponantes regnum*, stand between the true interest of the EMPEROR and of France. Nothing would be more fatal to their selfish schemes than the introduction of a state of things which should expose their practices to the ordeal of a free public opinion. It is they, and not LOUIS NAPOLEON, who have everything to fear from an independent representative body in which the policy of the Government may be freely discussed. They fear (and with reason) nothing so much as to be brought in contact with able and disinterested men, who may have the sagacity to detect, and the courage to expose, the baseness of their policy. The Ministry of the EMPEROR are right in viewing a free Parliament with detestation and alarm—it would sound the knell of their trumpery power, and put an end to their ill-gotten gains.

But LOUIS NAPOLEON, if he were well advised, would welcome the prospect of a deliverance from the rabble which constitutes at once the shame and weakness of his rule. In the midst of his seemingly undisputed sway, the fatal symptom which strikes every thoughtful observer is the absolute isolation in which the EMPEROR, after five years of successful despotism, still stands. Not one single name, respectable either by character or ability, has given in its adhesion to a Government surrounded by all the prestige of success. This is a striking fact which might well cause uneasiness for the future, even in a bolder heart than that of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The great NAPOLEON had rallied round him the flower of the intellect of France. The Court of the nephew is contemptible alike by its intellectual and its moral character. If he had the wisdom to employ it aright, the prospect of an independent Parliament would offer to the EMPEROR a means of escape from this humiliating and dangerous situation. The very possibility of free discussion might rally round his throne men by whom it would not be a disgrace for a great nation to be ruled. There are many such men who have no sympathy with the rival dynastic pretenders to the Crown, and who would prefer a rational freedom under the established Government, if they could find a means to work it out, rather than plunge the country into the vortex of a new and uncertain revolution. The introduction of such men into the Parliament, even such as it is, might be the salvation of France and of the Empire. And this prospect, as is shown by the turn which the elections have taken, is not wholly beyond the reach of LOUIS NAPOLEON, if he has the magnanimity and the prudence to seize it.

But in order that such a transformation of a brutal despotism into a rational Government may be safely worked out, there is wanting not only prudence and toleration on the part of the ruler of France, but patriotism and moderation on the side of the champions of the Liberal cause. The advocates of the extreme factions ranged in opposition to the existing Government have loudly proclaimed, on the one hand, the

policy of a sulky abstention, on the other, that of an insolent defiance. The leaders of the monarchical parties openly avow that they are resolved to wait for the revolution of the wheel of fortune, and that in the meanwhile they will testify, by a silent contempt, their detestation of the existing Government. On the other hand, the revolutionary party have urged the candidature of the Opposition representatives, only in order that they may have an opportunity of entering a public protest against the Empire by refusing to take the oath of allegiance. Both these courses seem to us eminently puerile and unpatriotic. The policy of the *Assemblée Nationale* and the *Siècle* is more fit for spoilt children than for statesmen. It is true that the Liberal candidates lately elected will form a very small minority in the Chamber, but it by no means follows that their influence, if judiciously and moderately exercised, may not be very powerful for good. We have only to go back to the first Parliament after the restoration in France to see what may be effected by a Liberal minority, acting with concert and determination. It seems probable, from the freedom with which the late elections have been conducted, at least in Paris, that whatever his Ministers may desire, the EMPEROR will not coerce the liberty of discussion which even the present Constitution allows to the Chambers. But whether this be so or not, the experiment is worth the making. Every patriotic Frenchman not wedded to the interests of any particular faction, owes it to his country at least to try whether the existing system of Government may not be amended and enlarged without exposing the country to the horrors of a new Revolution. If he fail, he will have the satisfaction that he had at least attempted all the methods which afforded a reasonable hope to the cause of liberty and truth. And the more a man is truly possessed with the real conviction of liberal principles, the more faith he will be disposed to have in the power of freedom and truth to work their way by a minority, however small, in a body where discussion is permitted. We will venture, on this point, to quote from the only respectable organ of public opinion in France some remarks which admirably convey the sentiments which we desire to express. The following is an extract from an article in the *Journal des Débats* in reply to the attack made upon it by the *Assemblée Nationale* for the course which it had taken in recommending the partisans of the liberal cause to take part in the elections:—

Si étendue et si confuse que puisse sembler aujourd'hui l'arène électorale, tout parti consciencieux doit y descendre et chercher pour ses principes l'appui du pays.

Mauvais prétexte pour abstenir que de dire qu'on ne veut point choisir entre les adversaires. Eût-il été sage, aux journées de juin, de s'abstenir en disant : La république est d'un côté le socialisme, de l'autre ce n'est point la nôtre affaire ? Pour nous, nous pensons que la cause des idées libérales, comme la cause de la société, a droit dans toutes les circonstances aux efforts de tous ceux qui ne désespèrent point d'allier l'ordre et la liberté dans notre pays, et qu'il ne suffit point de dire que la mêlée est confuse et les armes inégales pour justifier ceux qui restent sous la tente. Voter, nous dit-on encore, c'est favoriser les espérances révolutionnaires : s'abstenir, c'est déclarer qu'on n'a point d'autre espérance que la révolution ; c'est proclamer qu'il n'y a rien par la parole et par le vote, rien à tenter pour les moyens pacifiques et légaux, rien à attendre du scrutin, rien à demander aux électeurs ; c'est la politique du découragement et de l'inertie. Voter, nous dit-on enfin, c'est s'exposer à d'éclatantes défaites : s'abstenir, c'est se déclarer vaincu d'avance ; c'est s'avouer qu'on n'a pas d'autre force que celle des événements, pas autre appui que la fortune.

These sentiments seem to us to be eminently statesman-like and patriotic. If the Emperor on the one side, and the leaders of the Opposition on the other, had the wisdom and the magnanimity to be guided by these principles, we should venture to predict with more confidence a hopeful future for France.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

THE recent Conference illustrates well enough the existing aspect of the Education question. It amounts to a practical confession that we have come, in a main constituent of popular education, to a dead lock, and that education in England is, and must be—unless England consents to change its whole character—a comparative failure. This is the actual gain of the Conference. Its value is indirect. If it was ever believed or expected that the discussion would have the effect of making education that which we all desire it to be, the mistake is now sufficiently apparent. The PRINCE CONSORT was perfectly right when he announced that "to prepare public opinion by discussing the causes which led to the early removal of children from school," would be, in itself, a sufficient work for the Conference; and to this one object it very wisely confined itself—with

greater wisdom, we think, than its chief Section displayed in some of its Reports on the subject.

Not that we intend to be critical. There was so much real interest in the object of the meeting, that it was impossible that it could be other than substantially a success. The PRINCE CONSORT did his difficult and delicate part, so well, and there must have been such a real sacrifice of personal feeling on the part of many of the notables who assisted at the Sections, that we are disarmed. But the sentiment, and feeling of the thing go far beyond its mere external success. When the veteran Lord BROUGHAM has to look back to his struggles of more than half a century, we can sympathize as we smile at his retrospect. Lord SOMERS is not more constantly in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's mouth than WILLIAM ALLEN and the early history of the Borough-road School are in Lord BROUGHAM's. But if Willis's Rooms once more echoed to the oft-told tale of BELL and LANCASTER, the halls of Brompton witnessed what looked more like work than a mere historical survey of the progress of elementary instruction. As we have said, if condensation could have secured success, the Conference at least judged wisely in simplifying its aim. That education had very much advanced was the subject of the inaugural address of the PRINCE. And the statistics on this point are unimpeachable. All the averages and ratios are marshalled in the imposing form of tabulated returns—so much education against so much population in 1801, so much education against so much population in 1851. In another half century, at this rate, the tortoise of learning will have distanced the fleetest hare of idleness. But, as Prince ALBERT forcibly showed, a fallacy lurks in the very announcement of success—going to school is too often considered equivalent to education. It was to dispel this pleasant delusion that the Conference was assembled. Three out of four children "educated" remain only two years at school. To deal with this ugly fact the Sections met. What is to be done? Are the schools to be made more attractive? Can they be made more attractive? Or are parents to be compelled to send their children to school? These are weighty questions; and they received an answer in the Report submitted to the Conference by Section A, under the presidency of the Bishop of OXFORD.

Unquestionably this section (A) has done great service by its meeting and talking; but anything more illogical and unsatisfactory than its Report we cannot conceive. In point of fact, a satisfactory practical suggestion was impossible; and so, by way of suggesting a remedy for the evil, the Report contented itself with reiterating the existence of the evil, which nobody denied. Here is its substance:—

This Section is of opinion that such early removal is not commonly to be traced to the poverty of the parents, but . . . as a general rule, to the state of the labour market, which imparts great value to the labour of the children, and thus leads (1), to employers requiring the labour of the children; (2), to dissolute parents living upon the wages of the children; (3), to a premature and ruinous independence of life and action among the very young; all of which causes lead to the withdrawal of the children from school.

That is to say, children are taken from school by the state of the labour-market, which leads to certain results—those results being the causes of the thing inquired into. Does Section A mean to say that the premature "independence of life" is the cause of the withdrawal of the children? If so, Section A wants a little education in the elementary philosophy of cause and effect. Nor is the affected precision of thought in assigning a cause more happy. It is not, we are told, the poverty of the parents, but the state of the labour-market, which is at fault—as though the two things did not in practice coincide. What is meant by the state of the labour-market, but that the parent is not rich enough to be able to postpone the period when his child becomes a breadwinner? And why should not this be called—what in fact it is—the poverty of the parent? So impressed was the Bishop of OXFORD with the futility of this attempted distinction, that, in the very act of presenting the labours of his Section, he contradicted his own Report. The Report, with a delicate euphemism, observes—"This Section is of opinion that the early removal is not commonly to be traced to the poverty of the parents." But the BISHOP, in a coarse vein of rude common sense, "thought that poverty was the chief or almost only cause of the non-attendance of children at school." To be sure it is; and let it be openly acknowledged. It is strange it did not occur to the Conference that the very same cause operates more or less in every class of society. In all ranks we are obliged to content ourselves with a second-rate education, not because we undervalue the blessings of learning, not because we are insensible to the duty or privilege of keeping children at school, but

because we all, in every class below the very richest, need our children as "part of our productive power and fellow-workers for the staff of life," to use Prince ALBERT's forcible and happy language.

In short, what the Conference, in common with the rest of the world, points out as the defect of popular education, is the bane of all education. There are thousands upon thousands of middle-class, and even of upper-class, society, who, to all intents and purposes, do exactly the same as those of their fellow-citizens in the mining, agricultural, and manufacturing districts, who are held up by the Conference to the mingled pity and reprobation of respectable people. When we take our sons from public schools to force them into a merchant's or Government office, the case is the exact counterpart of the little boy taken before his time to the mill or the factory. No doubt of it, every one of them ought to have gone to Oxford. Our girls, could we afford it, would be better for two or three more years at Brighton or Tunbridge; but as it is, they must, as soon as possible, help their over-taxed mother in looking after the nursery or the weekly bills. It is simple Utopia to indulge or encourage the expectation that the poor man's child will ever be kept at school for one hour longer, when it is once found to be able to earn its daily bread. The reply that parents ought to be ready to make a sacrifice for the future good of the child, as the Brompton lecturers profoundly remark, is beside the point. There is at least a conflict of duties. What the parent is called upon to sacrifice is the tangible advantage that the child can, by the sweat of his brow, keep himself; and this he is called upon to renounce in the hope that he will some day earn more by the sweat of his brain. It may be questioned whether the unanimous resolutions of the Sections that the state of the labour-market is essentially antagonistic to the cause of education can be sustained; but at all events it is most unreasonable to expect that any resolutions or protests can alter the fact. There are unassailable conditions of society which it is the business of educationists not to protest against, not to attempt to interfere with, but to modify, and meet, and acknowledge. Much more to the purpose, we venture to think, were the suggestions on half-time, and on the necessity of improving the staple of existing education. Even if we were disposed to advocate a compulsory attendance of children at school, we should be at sea as to what class we should benefit. For here the evidence is conflicting. Mr. MOSELEY observes that the attendance of advanced children is better where the parents' wages are 10s. than where they are 20s.; while a Strasbourg authority is quoted for the statement that the early removal of children prevails less in the mining than in the agricultural districts. That is to say, in England children leave school early because their parents are comparatively rich, and in France they leave early because they are comparatively poor. The conclusion from these combined premises is disheartening. It seems to come to this, that whether we elevate or depress the condition of the parent, we only enhance his temptation to remove his children from school. The remedy is, in one sense, easy—compel him to keep them at school; but it would be purchased at the unpleasant price of aggravating his poverty. To raise the child, the parent must fall. For this is the meaning of compulsory education; and against this solution the majority of the Conference was, as it well might be, tolerably united.

THE LAST OF CRIM. CON.

THE disgusting cases on which, for two successive weeks, we have been compelled to comment, are becoming a serious nuisance to the journalist. This part of the staple of our hebdomadal homilies—the "week-day sermons," as Mr. THACKERAY calls them—is neither pleasant writing nor pleasant reading. ARMITAGE v. MACDONALD is a still more offensive piece of business than the QUEEN v. ERLAM. Westminster Hall is coming to be as unsafe a lounge as Holywell-street. Our solitary satisfaction is that we have probably got to the end of this sort of thing; for the Divorce Bill, whatever its faults, will put a stop to the action for Crim. Con. It may be some consolation to the admirers of the wisdom of our ancestors that the old abomination dies game. All the fine time-honoured features of the action have combined in a grand concluding effort. The Court was unusually crowded on Monday last—more than the average number of women thronged the tribune especially reserved for its indecent occupants—the wrongs of the injured husband and his

heartbroken agonies were gilded with more than the usual copper-lace of oratory—and the defendant's advocate managed, with a minuteness of investigation and a studied patience of prurient detail, to initiate us into the mysteries of Lorette life. Every element of piquancy was imported into the case. The foulest of French novelists might have learned something from the innuendoes gratuitously thrown out on either side; and after what was hinted, or more than hinted, in a British court of justice, about Mrs. ARMITAGE's early married life, M. GAUTIER's worst novel need not be a prohibited book. And, as though to offend every decent sentiment, "by consent of counsel," one of the most distinguished personages of the realm, and one of the most deservedly popular, was all but forced before the public, for no other end than to stimulate passions almost as base as those which formed the subject-matter of the trial.

And for what possible purpose? Because the injured husband must get damages before he can successfully prosecute a suit for divorce. As though such a trial would not be the most effectual bar to a divorce. The judge of the moribund Spiritual Court, Sir JOHN DONSON, much to his credit—and much, let us add, to the credit of that court—recently rejected, with becoming indignation, the sort of evidence which had secured damages in Westminster Hall. Even after a verdict for the plaintiff, he declined to convict the wife of adultery. For all practical purposes, then, the action for Crim. Con. does not answer even its own unworthy end. It proves literally nothing, except what is indisputable—the fact of adultery. As a step towards a divorce, it is positively useless; and, in the present case it would, we should anticipate, operate as a bar to the husband's suit. We are not going to excuse the defendant, Colonel MACDONALD; but to stigmatise his vice by the name of adultery is only technically correct. He has paid, and paid extravagantly, for his misconduct; but that misconduct was only adultery in name. Looking to the actual facts of the case, the verdict really suggests some very serious considerations. How many, or how few, of the *lorettes* of London happen to be married women, we have no means of knowing; but if there was anything proved, it was that Colonel MACDONALD, to use the accredited phrase, "picked up" Mrs. ARMITAGE as he might have picked up any other frail lady at the theatre; and the inference to be drawn from the verdict is, that any other man, under similar circumstances, is liable to damages of 100*l.* at the hands of twelve British husbands. Bad as the action for Crim. Con. is in every point of view, we cannot recal a similar abuse of it. Its avowed object is to repay the injured husband for the loss of his wife's society. But in this case the husband volunteered the admission that he never had his wife's society—never had "connubial intimacy" with her—never gave her a home—and even permitted her to quit his surveillance, which, however, he contrived very remarkably to revive on every occasion of her being in suspicious, or more than suspicious, society. Even the modesty of Mr. Serjeant BYLES did not anticipate heavy damages; but he got what, under the circumstances proved, we consider a very extravagant sum.

Perhaps the worst feature in the case is the evidence given by MACDONALD, the brother—for MACDONALD happened to be Mrs. ARMITAGE's maiden name, as well as that of the defendant. ARMITAGE tried to prove that, from November, 1850, the date at which she was missing, he searched London in vain for her. But the brother proved that, in 1852, he saw her in London, living under the name of STANLEY, at the house—and what sort of a house it was, other evidence showed—of a Mrs. PUGH. He saw her again at Brompton, passing by her maiden name, as Mrs. MACDONALD. In 1851, ARMITAGE admits that he met her at a theatre, when she escaped by the amusing trick executed at Lord ABERDEEN's *porte cochère*; but he asks the jury to believe that all this time, from 1851 to 1856, when her various residences and associates were well known to her brother, he, the husband, was unable, with the aid of all the London detectives, to discover a woman who so little courted obscurity that her picture, as Mrs. EDWARD ARMITAGE, was on the Exhibition walls. The injured husband, however (the coincidence is remarkable), discovered all about her—her successive names and places of abode, her various "cousins and uncles," her visitors and residences at St. John's Wood and Bayswater, and Knightsbridge and Brompton—her visits to the Albany—her *soubrettes* and what BECKY SHARP calls her "sheep-dogs"—precisely when the birth of a child presented that sort of evidence which would tell most with a jury. We do not profess to decide

what kind of proof is according to the rules of these disgraceful cases; but, judging from the evidence—which, much to its credit, is given with a reticence in the *Times* which its contemporaries failed to exercise—we must observe that the plaintiff did not even attempt to account for his ignorance of circumstances in his wife's life which her own brother openly admitted. All that ARMITAGE pleads is that "he lost sight of his wife in 1851, and since found out," &c. &c. Surely, in such a case, the plaintiff ought to be called, and to be interrogated on the force of this "since."

Here, then, is a case which, for absolutely nothing, has publicly revealed the abominations of a match that from the very beginning was foul and unnatural—which has brought a brother to own to his knowledge of a sister's life of infamy—which seems to indicate also the husband's collusion—and which attempted to compromise, not, indeed, the character, but the feelings of a royal personage. And all for what? To show that Mr. ARMITAGE is entitled to a divorce, and to initiate newspaper-readers into the amours of what used to be called, in the language of the press, "a dashing Cyprian." To be sure, it is also established—and some may deem it an eminent jest—that a gallant soldier, who has done his country good service, was weak enough to exhibit a strong attachment for a most disreputable and worthless adventuress. He has had to pay very dearly for his fault; but Colonel MACDONALD's 100*l.* is, we suspect, the *coup de grâce* of the action for Crim. Con., and in this respect we have to thank him for his civil, as on other accounts for his military, services to his country. In one point of view, its effect has been immediate. It so completely illustrated a condition of things in which the "adulterer" may be the victim—and so thoroughly proved that adultery is a crime admitting of many degrees, and the criminality of which, as in this instance, may approach the vanishing point—that the House of Lords, chiefly influenced by this trial, abandoned the clause in the Divorce Bill attaching pecuniary and personal penalties to the adulterer.

"HOW NOT TO DO IT."

WE have more than once expressed our opinion that Mr. DICKENS' amusing travesty of the working of the public offices is a gross and rather mischievous caricature. If, however, he had directed his satire against a different class of public bodies, we are afraid that it would have been impossible to say as much in their defence. The true model to exemplify the art "How not to do it," is to be found in the Commissions—and they are pretty numerous—which have had the advantage of the assistance of Mr. BELLENDEN KER. The last performance of the universal Commissioner is not the least remarkable of his exploits. Mr. BELLENDEN KER is, as is well known, the paid member of the Commission for Consolidating the Statute Law, which includes the names of many of the most prominent judges and lawyers of the day. We are told by the LORD CHANCELLOR that an active part in the labours of that Commission has been taken by himself and others of the unpaid functionaries; but we presume we are doing no injustice to these distinguished volunteers in assuming that the paid functionary deserves the credit of having mainly directed the course, or rather the variety of courses, which the Commission has pursued. As it is now two or three years since the present body was constituted, on the ruins of a former one, which acknowledged Mr. BELLENDEN KER as its chief, it may be worth while to take a glance at the results of its protracted labours. As the CHANCELLOR observed in his speech on Monday, there is a general impression that the Commissioners have as yet done nothing at all; and, although Lord CRANWORTH—who is himself nominally, if not actually, at the head of the offending body—triumphantly observed that they had at least found their way to do good service in future, he was obliged to confess that not a single Bill from Mr. BELLENDEN KER's workshop had as yet become law.

The Commissioners' own Reports supply the explanation of their inaction, though they are very far from furnishing an excuse for it. From the very commencement of the undertaking to the present moment, the versatile genius of the Commission has done nothing but devise a succession of schemes of procedure, to be abandoned, after a brief experiment, in favour of some newer, if not more promising policy. One of the earliest plans of the first Commission was the expurgation of the Statutes by the elimination of

all that were obsolete or repealed. But no sooner was this preliminary undertaking all but completed, than the Chief Commissioner set to work most energetically to prove that the labours of his colleagues were useless; and the imbroglio was only ended by despatching to the antipodes the members of the Commission who had devoted their time to the task, and superseding all the other Commissioners, except Mr. BELLENDEN KER himself. The change in their organization did not, however, give much more fixity to the views of our law improvers. According to the CHANCELLOR's own version of the story, the first step taken by them was a blunder. They determined, in fact, to give up the idea of a comprehensive examination of the Statute-book, and to confine themselves to the consolidation of certain isolated portions of the law. Having thus abdicated their chief functions, the Commissioners failed even in the more limited task which they proposed to themselves. At first they attempted to take up what they called groups of statutes; but after having made some progress in the work, and spent considerable time and money upon it, they found, to use Lord CRANWORTH's expressive phrase, "that it would not do." They might have known this before they began, for it surely might have been discovered *a priori* by less eminent men than Mr. BELLENDEN KER's colleagues that it is impossible to consolidate a group of statutes until you have first ascertained of what statutes the group consists. This discovery, however, has at length been made; and once more the Commission has resolved to revert to its first idea, and thoroughly to sift and sort the existing Statutes before attempting much in the way of consolidation. It has all along been obvious enough that this preliminary labour must be gone through, and we believe that in their present scheme of forming a classified Register of the Statutes, the Commissioners have at length entered upon a rational course. Whether they will persist in it, or whether they will, at some future time, throw overboard "the gentlemen of great information and research," who, we are told, have been retained to do the work, is a question on which we cannot venture to speak prophetically; but as yet the only portion of the task which is completed is that which relates to the laws enacted during the present reign.

The inauguration of this scheme is substantially the whole fruit of the discussions of several years; and if the future progress of the undertaking shall not be more rapid than the past, it is certain that new Acts will grow much faster than the Commission will be able to get rid of old ones, and the grand object of reducing the Statute-book within reasonable compass will be as far from being realized fifty years hence as it is at this moment. The CHANCELLOR, it is true, did enumerate some other results which the Commissioners had arrived at, and in fairness to that not very efficient body we feel bound not to suppress them. One of the greatest of these exploits is thus announced:—"The Commissioners have come to several conclusions that did not occur to them at first." It would perhaps have been difficult to come to conclusions of any other kind; and when we find among these second thoughts the amazing discovery that it would be ridiculous pedantry to consolidate Magna Charta and the Act *Quia Emptores*, we are almost tempted to believe that the Commissioners carefully avoided any conclusions in the earlier stages of their career in order that they might leave plenty of subjects open for future discoveries. Another of the feats for which the CHANCELLOR thinks that some credit is due consists in the preparation of a Bill on the subject of landlord and tenant, which has been worked up with singular care and skill, but which, it seems, is not to be introduced into Parliament, because it has now been ascertained that the obscurity of some statutes, and the want of harmony in the language of others, are fatal to any attempt at consolidation, unless combined with a codification of part of the Common Law. Other Bills have been drawn on the principle of combining amendment of the law with simple consolidation, and some of these were withdrawn for reconsideration for precisely the opposite reason. The upshot of the whole is, that the CHANCELLOR has been able to introduce a series of Bills partially consolidating the Criminal Law, as the only ripe fruits of the Commission. Even these are, in the opinion of Lord CAMPBELL, not yet in a state in which it would be safe to do more than read them a first time, with a view to future amendments, although the subject is one on which the way had been smoothed by the labours of the old Commission on the Criminal Law.

When no better results than these have been attained by

the Commission, after so many years of existence, it may be doubted whether there is not some fatal defect in the constitution of a body so laboriously ineffective. Notwithstanding the boast of the Commissioners, that they have "actually commenced, and even made important progress in a work which others have only recommended," we cannot help doubting whether it was necessary to spend several years in merely preparing to commence their task. But they have now, for the third or fourth time, proclaimed that they are going to begin, and if this last announcement should lead only to the discovery of new errors, and the invention of new modes of proceeding, it will surely be time to consider whether the duty which is too arduous for Mr. Kea and his learned associates may not be advantageously transferred to others who may be better able or more willing to set about it in earnest.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

WE have more than once directed the attention of our readers to the somewhat vulgar subject of prize-fighting. It is one of the strangest, and by no means the least characteristic, of our national amusements; and it still boasts not only of ardent admirers, but of sacred poets who chronicle the *acta pugilum* in language which, if not classical, has, at any rate, the merit of being abundantly idiomatic.

Forty years ago, the great event of last week would have occupied the thoughts and coloured the conversation of hundreds of men eminent in the gravest occupations of life; but these are degenerate days, and we fear that there is little chance that the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family—to say nothing of dukes, earls, poets, and members of Parliament—will ever bestow upon the illustrious Thomas Sayers such attentions as the Prince Regent, Byron, Windham, and other equally distinguished personages delighted to lavish upon Jackson and Cribb. Indeed, we doubt whether many of our readers know what the great event to which we are alluding is. It is nothing less than a prize-fight, in which Thomas Sayers defeated William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, winning thereby a cool, the Champion's Belt, and the honours of about five columns of closely-printed small type in our estimable contemporary, *Bell's Life in London*. The prose epic which recounts the fortunes of the day is divided into five cantos, and is, in its way, one of the most remarkable works of art that we have fallen in with for some time. It begins with a poetical effusion, in the metre [described in hymn-books as double 7's, adapted to the air of "Rousseau's Dream," and beginning with the words

Common sense, a caution speaks
To statesmen and to country desks.

Falling from poetry to prose, the poet develops his argument with singular warmth. "Seldom has it fallen to our lot to describe an event of similar importance to that now under notice, which has been carried out with such good feeling and manly straightforwardness on both sides," &c. Justice must be done to such a transaction; and accordingly we have the subject treated under the five heads of the History of the Championship of England—the Histories of the Men—the Place of Fighting, and how we got there—the Fight—and Remarks. Each division affords some very pretty reading.

The first Champion of England was "the celebrated Figg, who flourished about the year 1779." He was succeeded by many heroes, whose names and weights are recorded for the admiration of posterity; though there appear amongst them such black sheep as "Bill Stevens, a man of gigantic strength, who was tempted from the right course" by persons who bribed him to lose a fight; and Corcoran, who supplied "another instance of principle being overcome by temptation," inasmuch as for the sake of filthy lucre he was persuaded to "give his head to his opponent," and "cry a go at the expiration of twenty-three minutes." The hero of heroes, however, was one Bryan, of Bristol, better known as "Big Ben," with whom Mr. Borrow's father had, as *Lavengro* tells us, the honour of fighting in Hyde Park. It is always a pleasant thing to compare the parallel passages of great writers, and our readers will no doubt recognise a similarity to the well-known lines—

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath—

in Mr. Bell's description of Big Ben's great battle. "There was no fainting or stopping. It was a slogging match in every sense of the word. They stood toe to toe, and face to face, and dinging, give and take, was the order of the day." We must pass over "that accomplished and elegant pugilist, Gentleman Humphries;" nor can we afford more than a passing glance to Mr. Jackson, "one of the most powerful and well-proportioned men of modern and, we should say, of ancient times," or even to the great fight between Messrs. Caunt and Bendigo, when the "gentle patrons of the art of the Nottingham school" forced the unfortunate "we" of *Bell's Life*, who was referee on the occasion, to decide in favour of their amiable protégé as the price of going home with sound bones. We must come to the histories of the heroes themselves.

Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, was born in 1819, and commenced his career at the early age of sixteen. A calm historical tone pervades the narrative of his life. He fought for the honour of his native land with an American giant, whose height was upwards of seven feet; and on another occasion "we find him forfeiting to Con Parker, a promising young big one." He is six feet high, weighs thirteen stone, and has very strong arms and shoulders; "but his pins being about the shape of the letter K, considerably deteriorate from the beauty of his configuration." Mr. Thomas Sayers is seven years younger than his rival, having been born in 1826. The history of his exploits fills nearly a column of small type, of which we can only particularize one instance, in which, "in the tenth round, at the end of three hours and eight minutes, Tom managed to administer the *coup de grâce*" to a gentleman of the name of Poulson. Mr. Sayers is but five feet eight high, and weighs less than eleven stone.

There appears to have been some trouble in bringing the worthy couple together, for the account of the "place of fighting and how we got there" is one of the most mysterious and exciting parts of the whole narrative. The police, it appears, "intended a grab," and if Mr. Perry had not sneaked out of London in one direction, whilst Sayers sneaked into it in another, "they would both to a certainty have been nailed." Even their patrons were not allowed to make their little arrangements in peace. It was only at the last moment, and when it seemed likely that the plan would fall through altogether, that a steamer was procured for the "select party of Corinthians" who were invited; and even then, "a large number of fellows forced their way into the boat without paying, and owing to the supineness of several members" of the association of prize-fighters—who act on such occasions as a sort of police—they were not turned out. At last, however, they reached the Nore, where they were all very sick, and especially one James Shaw, who with an apparently bitter, though to us unintelligible, sarcasm is recorded to have "thrown up the remains of the celebrated dog Jim," and to have been "thus enabled to reappear upon the stage." Somewhere or other, on the Isle of Thanet apparently, the party landed, but "a bevy of blues" appeared, and they had to betake themselves to a place vaguely described as "an island." Here the ring was formed, the spectators being "most orderly," except, we are grieved to hear, "one Hebrew gent, a backer of Tom Sayers, whose taunts and noisy vociferations at the Old Slasher disgusted not only the backers of that worthy, but also the friends of Tom Sayers, and every other person that heard them." At about five o'clock, notwithstanding the blaspheming Jew, the fight began. The gist of the story is that Mr. Perry was the stronger and Mr. Sayers the more active of the combatants, and that after a good deal of display of their respective qualities the smaller man won; but this bald statement is expanded by the poet of the ring into a marvellously splendid history. To say nothing of the number of times when "Tom got heavily home on the conk," or when the men effected "exchanges—Tom on the squinter, Bill on the ribs—Tom on the brain-pan, the Slasher on the back—Tom on the nozzle, the Slasher on the mouth"—which flowers of rhetoric are common to all such fields of battle, we have a sort of epic unity about the characters of the heroes. The Slasher "lumbered in like a large bear," he "swung his great arms like the sails of a windmill," and "made a rush like a bull at a gate;" and so forth. We have Sayers, on the other hand, "dancing about him like a wild Indian," "stopping him prettily," and apparently forming a sort of graceful counterfoil to his huge but unwieldy antagonist. After an hour and forty-two minutes of this pleasant amusement, Mr. Sayers was declared the winner, and immediately afterwards the whole body of gentlemen sportsmen were chased on board their steamer by the police, who had at length succeeded in detecting the retreat of these pugilistic Crusoes.

Some of Mr. Bell's remarks on the battle are curious. He feels that the fight "tells its own tale." He considers that the loser should have "depended upon his powers as a counter-hitter to bring him through," and that the winner would have done better had he been quiet, and "restrained his peristaltic energies within reasonable bounds." It appears that Mr. Sayers's small stature gives offence to some members of his profession, and the story concludes with a letter from Mr. Benjamin Caunt, offering to fight the new Champion, in which he explains that, "unaccustomed as he is to public challenging," still, "as an Englishman, as a veteran pugilist—as Ben Caunt, in fact—he can no longer endure that a middle weight should hold that proud eminence."

We feel that there may be some amongst our readers who will think that we owe them an apology for devoting so much space to such a curiously uncouth story; but surely the fact, that five columns, on the subject of prize-fighting, are the most popular item in the news of one of the most popular papers of the day, and that the style of which we have attempted to convey some slight reflection to our own columns is the most popular vehicle for it, is worth noticing. We have often expressed our opinion, that prize-fighting is a disgraceful practice, principally because it disgusts decent people with athletic amusements; but we must say, that if it is a blackguard trade, blackguards might do much worse than follow it. In a rough, clumsy manner, it is meant to do honour to great virtues. Much self-denial and sturdy endurance are involved in preparing for, and in maintaining a fight for more than an hour and a half; and inasmuch as we can hardly expect to be rid of the generation of fast young men,

it is far better that they should pass their time in hardening their muscles and admiring Mr. Sayers, than that their principal joys should be found in dominoes, abstinence, water, and the novels of M. Dumas, fils. Mumbo Jumbo is never exactly a beauty, but we confess we prefer our own to some Continental idols.

PARKS, PALACES, AND PICTURE-GALLERIES.

METROPOLITAN improvement has been the national business during the last week, and, on the whole, we have reason to be satisfied. At all events, our public pictures are not to be banished to Kensington Gore or Kensington Palace, but are to be retained and re-hung in that gallery of the future—covering the area of the existing one, of the Barracks, and of the Workhouse—towards which Parliament will, sooner or later, be called to vote the money. We accept this decision as the one which will probably command the largest amount of general satisfaction. Abstractedly, we retain the conviction that our idea of a radiating gallery, with a central cupola, would, artistically, be the most suitable for the classification and exhibition of pictures, while, architecturally, it would be an original and desirable experiment; and we also still hold that the Inner Circle of the Regent's Park is a locality eminently suitable, for various reasons, to make the trial in. But Trafalgar-square possesses vested interests. It lies in the general highway of the million, although not so close to the more restricted walk of the artist and the student; and the rebuilding of the actual gallery, for some public purpose or other, is an essential element in the reconstruction of the official quarter of London, which is the coming question of the day. On the balance, then, of advantages, the only two possible objections which demand investigation, are the safety of the pictures, and sufficiency of space. The former is a matter on which we suppose the Commission has collected, and will publish, satisfactory evidence; while we trust that we are not Quixotic in the hope that Parliament will consent to the acquisition of that ground to the rear of the present gallery which may be needful for the future structure, and, at the same time, afford a better diagonal road to the Strand from the West-end, through Leicester-square, than the miserable cluster of lanes which now disfigure that locality.

As far as the decision concerns the artistic improvement of that quarter of the metropolis, we can well afford to tender our congratulations. Once let it be decided to replace the low blank edifice, with insufficient portico and still more insufficient turrets, which now tops Trafalgar-square, by a building worthy of its site and of its destination—and the formation of the river-side Park can only be a matter of time, unless a one-sided decision be prematurely snatched from an ill-informed public. It would be contrary to common sense to interpose any third pile (however massive and ornate) between the majestic, though low-lying Palace at Westminster, and that Gallery which will occupy the more elevated position of crowning the terrace along the northern boundary of Trafalgar-square. The prospect of such a Park may still be distant, but we refuse to abandon our hope of seeing it constructed; and we do not even yet despair of the Public Offices being planted upon that area compounded of the Parade, Horse Guards, and Admiralty, which would bring the new Park into connexion with those existing already, and complete the chain of trees, grass, and garden-ground which would, in that case, extend from Bayswater down to the Thames. With all its vagaries, the new House of Commons has not shown itself niggardly, either in the votes towards the embellishment of the existing Park, or in the completion of the Palace of Westminster. It emphatically closed the door, on grounds in which we concur, against the application for a grant in aid of Finsbury Park; but this is to be regarded as an intimation that the Metropolitan Board of Works can, and ought, to make that Park, and not, of course, as a censure on the project itself. As Parliament, however, has thrown the burden of that Park upon the local ratepayers, it has contracted one obligation the more to provide that pleasure-ground near the Thames which will not only be the fitting complement of the palatial structures existing or to be erected close to it, but will likewise afford health and amusement to masses of our labouring population in Lambeth and in Westminster, not less indigent than those inhabitants of Finsbury and the Tower Hamlets in whose behalf the northern Park is contemplated.

We have many other considerations to urge in reference to the decision of the National Gallery Commission; but we forbear to press them until we have seen the Report itself, and the evidence upon which that Report is based. We trust that the Blue-book will soon be forthcoming. General interest has been excited by the fact of the practical conclusion having boomed out, and it would be a fatal error of policy to trifle with such feelings by ill-advised procrastination. More especially is due speed needful, with reference to the future of the temporary Museum at Brompton—or South Kensington, as it is now more magniloquently termed. The iron shed is already completed, and filled with miscellaneous and not very well assorted collections. The Sheepshanks pictures have been housed in an adjacent wing, and the whole pile has been formally opened by Royalty. But, contemporaneously with these events, has come the decision which seems to give the death-blow to the future prosperity of

the still inchoate Museum. Brompton is not to be the Athens of London. The National Gallery is to continue in Trafalgar-square. Why, then, are the Sheepshanks pictures and the Bernal works of art to be banished to the far West? Every one is beginning to ask these questions, and the public will be disappointed if the materials for a reply are long withheld. Other considerations press. The incongruity of an Office of Public Works having charge of Art, in one aspect, and a Committee of Education in another, is becoming very patent. The latter department has work enough and to spare on hand, as Mr. Hebley well showed on Thursday night, without undertaking the Kensington Collection. Again, then, briefly but emphatically do we advise the calm, unbiassed reconsideration of the "to be or not to be" of that Collection, under the fresh light which the recent decision will have cast upon the whole question. If there is not room sufficient in Trafalgar-square, the garden of Burlington House is open, available, and suitable in size and central position for such a museum, while its distance from the Houses of Parliament would present a most serious obstacle to the notion of its being converted into public offices.

THE BORES OF SUPPLY.

MANGNALL teaches us all, at an early age, to recognise and admire the excellences of Parliamentary rule, and to understand that our paternal Government, like other paternal governments in private life, exists entirely by the power of stopping the supplies. It has always been the object of unbounded reverence to theoretical writers on the Constitution, and to the select circle who believe in them. And yet, its distance lends enchantment to the view. Their admiration would undergo a melancholy chill, if they could see how the Committee of Supply has degenerated, since the days of the Long Parliament, into an exercise-ground for convicted bores. Control over the public purse there is none—save when some Irish jealousy combines with a factious frolic of the Opposition to pare down one of the scanty doles which Science or Art, unrepresented in the House of Commons, has, by force of public opinion, painfully wrung from the Exchequer. Except for these fitful exercises of power, which are not of a nature to make us lament their rarity, the House has little left of its old prerogative, save the Saturnalia of dunces who practise their English in badgering the Government during some score of nights in June. We should be sorry to shock the nerves of any eulogist of the Constitution, by introducing him to one of these exhibitions.

The Ministry begin by trying to look cool and good-humoured, with as much success as a landsman generally achieves when he is going to be playfully shaved with an iron hoop and a bucket of tar-water on "crossing the Line." But, as the evening wears on, they give up the attempt. The bland smile fades from the features of Wood, Mr. Lowe perspires freely, and even the gentle Ramsden is betrayed into a retort. All feel the effect, except Mr. Wilson, who takes matters arithmetically, looks upon his supporters only as inconstant units of a constant quantity, and so contrives to keep his temperature and his temper. Except the all-suffering Government, all the talent has fled from the House—all, that is to say, that the electors of England, in their late mania for blood without the brains, have mercifully spared to us. You will in vain look for Graham or Russell, for Gladstone or Pakington, on a supply night. It is the day of small things—Sir Henry Willoughby is listened to as a financier, and Mr. Bentineck as the leader of a party. The Bore of Supply reigns supreme, and the graces of metropolitan diction are the order of the day—the letter "h" is put under the table with the mace—most people sleep, some snore, a few talk, nobody listens—and the reporters sharpen their pencils with supreme indifference, contemptuously regardless of the piteous glances of some young half-fledged bore, not yet quite hardened, whom an exacting constituency, or a vaulting ambition have plunged into a shoreless sea of bad grammar, and whose entreating eyes say, as plainly as eyes can speak, "Do, do mend my sentences for me." A Tenant Leagues' meeting in Ireland, convoked for the purpose of adjusting the claims of paval editors, a Knightsbridge vestry, entranced by the eloquence of Mr. Westerton, are dignified and august bodies compared to the House of Commons in Supply.

First in fame among the creatures who reign in this mirable, and facile principis in the terror which his uprising excites, is Mr. Williams, by some irreverently termed "the Wiscout." There have been those who have affected to doubt the touching tale of Ministerial corruption and Roman virtue from which this historical sobriquet has arisen. To us it seems to bear the strongest internal evidence of truth. Mr. Williams sits exactly over Mr. Hayter. Night after night through a sultry summer, those dulcet tones, strained into more than their natural melody by a really honest zeal which makes the torture all the worse because the more hopeless, issue within a few inches of Mr. Hayter's ear. We can well believe, that in some passing frenzy of unutterable bore, the temptation may have shot through his brain to transfer that nightly torment to a venerable assembly, where one prober the more would be scarcely noticed.

It would be invidious to attempt to decide between the claims of the rival candidates for a second place on this honourable list. Who shall determine the precedence of Mr. G. Alcock or of Sir G. Pecheil—two grey-haired sinners in this line? Who shall decide between the merits of the dinner-bell or the lullaby? How gaily the

members crush away to their dinners through the half-opened door when the one begins to hammer! How sweetly they slumber while the other drones! Some of the new hands, too, show the greatest promise, but we will not blight their unfolding beauty by premature publicity. To change the metaphor, the diagnosis of the disease of boredom is strongly marked, and its victims may be easily recognised. It principally consists in a morbid and insatiable craving for divisions. The true Supply-bore is never known to listen to a compromise, even though he can only get two brother-sufferers to support him. When the voices are taken, he always says "the Ayes have it," though his own solitary squeak has been heard alone above a chorus of Noes; and then, when he sees 150 men forced to spend a quarter of an hour in recording their opinion upon his microscopic crotchet, he feels that he is an important man, and has advanced a step on the pedestal of fame. It is needless to say that he stands high in the estimation of the Administrative Reform Association, and of all others who measure legislative excellence by attendance at divisions. It was because Sir W. Clay was a man of too good sense and taste to stoop to such a part that he was ejected by the sagacious electors of the Tower Hamlets. The member is generally a fair specimen of the constituency; and the glory of the Supply-bore reflects a full halo on the sages whom he represents. And instead of an exception, he will be a sample of the House of Commons, if the new Reform Bill is merely to run in the groove of the old, and can devise no more statesmanlike improvement of our representation than by confining it to mere dense aggregates of numbers.

FINSBURY PARK.

MOST of our readers, we presume, know what it is to be forced into giving an invitation. People do not invite because they wish the invitation to be accepted, but because the invited is a friend's friend, or has come with a letter of introduction which they do not care to neglect, or has some claim or other on them which they feel bound to acknowledge. And if they have ever given invitations of this sort, they know the delightful sensation of relief when some kind chance brings them a refusal, and they can sit down to the double enjoyment of having acted handsomely and having escaped a bore. Now it very often happens that the Government is in this position, and especially at the period of the Session when the Civil Service Estimates are brought forward. Time after time the Government asks for money which it is extremely glad to be refused, and it rejoices as much as the rescued tax-payer himself over the fitful accessions of commonsense which occasionally impel Parliament to reject extravagant grants. A very considerable portion of the deplorable increase of the Civil Service Estimates is to be set down to the door, not of the Ministers who propose it, but of one or two individual members who have taken up a hobby and force it on an apathetic House.

There is almost always some schemer, selfish or benevolent, outside the House, who first sets the wheel rolling. He gets the ear of a stray member who longs to distinguish himself, but who does not feel comfortable in any higher walk than that of asking a question, or recommending a few thousands to be spent on some pet local object that will benefit himself and his friends. For the first year or so, no one takes the slightest notice, probably, of the member and his prompter, but by degrees they catch here and there a chance supporter. Then comes the period of public meetings, deputations, and letters to the morning papers. At last the affair is ripe enough to be submitted to the notice of Parliament. The Government are then in a dilemma. If they suffer the private member to make the question his own, it may very likely happen that the House may be in an extravagant mood. The member and his friends support the motion—no one else knows or cares anything about it. The House consoles itself with reflecting that a few thousand pounds are but a drop in the ocean—the Ministry are beaten, and the money is granted. On the other hand, the House may be inclined to economy and exercise an inconvenient discretion, and then if the Government itself proposes the grant, it has the mortification of having its estimates reduced against its will. But the latter is the more attractive alternative, because if the Government is beaten, it has the compensating satisfaction of lowering the expenditure, and thus in a small way gaining the good graces of economical reformers. It gives the invitation, for there seems nothing else to do but to give it; but it acquiesces very patiently in the refusal.

We think that we may venture to set down the proposed grant of 50,000*l.* for a park at Finsbury as an illustration of an extravagance forced on the Government which Ministers are glad not to have to commit. The House, by a majority of 91, decided, on Tuesday night, that the inhabitants of Finsbury, if they wished for a park, must make it for themselves. Why should they not? The advocates for the grant represented that it would be very pleasant for Finsbury to have a park, and that Finsbury would then be as well off as Westminster and Kensington, which, in the nature of things, it ought to be. To this there would be no reply if Finsbury was going to pay for what it wants. It is true that Battersea has received a park from the Legislature, and Mr. Duncombe was able to throw in the teeth of Mr. Williams, an opponent of the vote, the fact that 8000*l.* had been granted this year for the completion of a park which "the member for Lambeth had got for himself and the Battersea boys to disport themselves

in." But because Battersea has been lucky enough to get money out of an easy House of Commons, that is no reason why money should be given to Finsbury. We are quite willing to admit that the claim of the one was as bad as that of the other. It is no more a national concern to provide for the recreation of Battersea than for that of Finsbury. Both are purely local objects; and if the localities choose to have a luxury, they must pay for it. Fresh air is a luxury well worth paying for, and it is not to be supposed that Finsbury cannot afford to buy its park. The estimated cost is 300,000*l.*, of which Finsbury is willing to pay 250,000*l.* But the representatives of the locality do not feel they should be doing justice to themselves and their constituents if they did not squeeze the odd 50,000*l.* out of the nation. They even venture to put it on this ground; and Lord Palmerston said that a deputation had urged on him the consideration that if they could but get a little trifle from Parliament to begin with, every one would be so much more comfortable, and set to work with so much better heart, that it would really be quite a pity not to encourage them with the sum asked for.

It was represented that Finsbury was part of the metropolis, and that to improve and adorn the metropolis was a national object. We are glad the question should be raised. We wish to have it decided what is meant by the metropolis which it is a national object to adorn. We have always insisted that the national money ought to be given freely to adorn London; but what does London, in this sense, mean? We adorn and improve London because it is the seat of our national institutions, because the Sovereign resides there, because the Parliament assembles there, because it is the centre of Government, because it is rich in historical traditions. We wish not only to have a capital great in extent, but a capital rich in works of art, a capital raising both in the minds of Englishmen and foreigners the idea of grandeur, order, magnificence, and taste. It is a great subject of pride to the humblest labourer in the remotest county that "Lunnon" is his capital, and the finer and handsomer it is, the greater and more legitimate is his pride. But Finsbury has nothing to do with this London of magnificence, of historical association, of courtly tradition, of governmental influence, of artistic interest. Finsbury is in no one's way. Foreigners are not taken to Finsbury. Country bumpkins are not proud of Finsbury. London, as the capital of England, would not be a bit better, or more imposing, or more splendid, because a patch of black grass was rescued from the invasion of lath-and-plaster villas in one of the outlying suburbs. It may be said that it would enhance the pleasure of enjoying what is really London, in the sense in which a country cousin or a foreigner speaks of London, if we knew that the remoter regions of the vast city were well provided for. We cannot deny that it would, and it would enhance the pleasure still more if we could but think that we were standing in the capital of a country so great as to provide parks for all its most distant towns. On this principle, to produce the greatest effect we ought to begin the furthest off, and the dirty little fishing-towns at the top of Scotland would have the first claim for a grant. But we cannot afford to pay for comfortable reflections. We must confine our expenditure if we wish it to answer its purpose. We must not consent to pay for the water-supply of Acton or Hornsey, because we construct fountains in Trafalgar-square. There is a national and a non-national London. We wish to see the national London beautified and improved, and to have an ungrudging outlay of national money applied to the purpose; but the non-national, the local London is no more to us—unless we happen to reside there—than Preston, or Leicester, or Nottingham. It must pay for its own park, as it pays for its own water or gas; and the national purse should be resolutely shut against its importunate demands, in order that it may be freely opened to the claims of what is really London.

THE MODERN BRITISH MASTERS AT MANCHESTER.

THE three saloons, and their two connecting vestibules, which form, as it were, the northern aisle of the Manchester Exhibition Palace, are devoted to a collection of about six hundred pictures of British artists, ranging in date from the first origin of the later English school down to the present year; and a supplemental hundred of modern paintings—some of them by French or German artists—are hung on the north side of the Clock Gallery at the east end. Though strangely inferior, as a whole, in charm and interest to the rival collection of the works of the ancient masters on the opposite side of the building, yet this modern gallery has its own special value and importance to the student and lover of art; and Englishmen in particular ought to be grateful for the opportunity now afforded them for the first time of seeing something like a complete chronological arrangement of the works of our native school. There is as yet no parallel in England to the French chambers in the Louvre; and glorious as would be the collection of national art were the Vernon, Turner, and Sheepshanks Galleries united, yet the earlier names of the precursors of Sir Joshua Reynolds would still be scarcely represented. Were it not for the annual exhibitions of the British Institution, the works, and even the names, of many of our English painters would be nearly unknown; and, as it is, our educated classes are a great deal more familiar with the art and artists of Italy, Spain, and Flanders than with those of their own country. The Manchester Gallery of British Masters will,

therefore, to some extent, supply an educational agency that has long been wanting. Not that it is by any means perfect as a collection of English paintings, and the classification of its contents is but roughly chronological. It does not seem as if great pains had been taken to supply all the links of the English succession, and there are a good many specimens which have very considerable claims to admission. Still, there are lessons to be learnt at Manchester which can be learnt nowhere else; and no one can study these saloons and not be convinced of the true greatness of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Turner, of the excellence of our landscape painters, and also of the growing claims of English artists to be considered a noble school of colourists. There is at least this advantage in favour of the modern over the ancient saloons of the palace at Old Trafford—that, while the latter show the gradual decline and utter extinction of the older schools of the Continent, there are evident proofs of life, and progress, and hope in the former. The latest pictures on the modern side of the building are, many of them, vigorous and truthful, the works of earnest hearts and toiling hands, containing in themselves every promise of future growth and still riper excellence, unlike the vapid eclecticism and feebleness, as well of purpose as of execution, of the expiring schools of earlier art. It is impossible, we think, to compare the two opposite galleries in this sense without forming a hopeful augury of the future of the English school.

In giving a brief sketch of the principal contents of the modern Saloons, we shall generally follow the order of the catalogue. The superintendent of this department of the Exhibition, Mr. A. L. Egg, A.R.A., must be credited with a fairly successful arrangement of the pictures and the numbers; and the catalogue, though it would have been improved by dates and a few more biographical notes, is a model of perspicuity by contrast with the inversions and confusions of the one which we have hitherto had to use.

It is customary to assign to Sir Joshua Reynolds the honour of being, as it were, the founder of the modern English school. But this is scarcely true in the sense which these words would bear in Flanders or Italy. His great rival and contemporary, Gainsborough, has nearly as much right as Sir Joshua to stand at the head of the native succession. Before their time the outbursts of native genius were but partial and irregular. The England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries never produced an indigenous school of painting, though it liberally patronized a succession of foreign artists of great eminence, especially in portraiture. It is sufficient to name Holbein, Horebout, Van Dyck, Rubens himself, Antonio More, Honthorst, Mytens, Van Somer, Hollar the engraver, Kneller and Lely, most of whom settled and died in London. From some of the latter of these it is probable that a direct descent could be traced for the native English artists of the eighteenth century—Sir Godfrey Kneller not having died till 1723, the very year in which Reynolds was born. But we have yet to desiderate a thorough handbook of English Painters, from Hilliard and Oliver, in the reign of Elizabeth, through Walker and Dobson, to Hales, Richardson, and Thornhill. Specimens of several early English artists, such as these last-mentioned, are to be seen at Manchester, not indeed in the Saloons of Modern Art, but in the British Portrait Gallery, where their historical interest wholly subordinates their artistic importance; but Richardson, as the master of Hudson, who was in turn the master of Reynolds, is a name of some mark in the annals of English painting. Of other early names, such as Dance, Gandy, Hoppner, or Liotard, we find no examples at Manchester. The last two were of foreign origin, as also were Van Loo and Vanaaken;—the latter immortalized in Hogarth's caricature as the dauber of draperies and attitudes to Hudson and other fashionable portrait-painters of the time. On the other hand, the Exhibition catalogue leads off with works by the little-known names of Dahl, Aikman, Kent, and Jervas—all portraits, and none of them very remarkable. A piece of Luke Cradock's, "Poultry" (5), is spirited and able; and two views by S. Scott, representing "Westminster Bridge in Progress" (6), and "Old London Bridge" (7), are almost worthy of Canaletto. Vanderbank's "Portrait of Gay" (10) should be looked at. Hayman's "Garriek as Richard III." (11) follows next in order—it is a work of small merit. Hayman's own portrait, by Sir J. Reynolds (28), hangs near. Next we come to a far more interesting array of works, by Hogarth—one of our greatest original painters, but wholly unsuccessful in the higher works of art, and as inferior to the Dutch school in finish and technical skill as he is superior in moral purpose and genuine humour. All his styles can be studied in the present collection. The half-length of his wife (16), who was Sir James Thornhill's daughter, is interesting; but "Captain Thomas Coram" (30), the philanthropist—whose likeness has just been translated into stone from this picture for the Foundling Hospital—is wooden in expression and displeasing in colour. There is much more character and power in the Hon. E. Phipps' "Portrait of an Old Woman" (20). Mr. Anderdon's "Sigismunda" is theatrical and pretentious; and the "Garriek as Richard III." (22)—so well known by engravings—is a monstrosity of disagreeable action. But this was probably the player's own fault. On the other hand, two scenes from the *Beggar's Opera* (17 and 25) are in Hogarth's more characteristic style; and "The March of the Guards to Finchley" (26), and "Southwark Fair" (31), are among the most famous of his mocking, but earnest caricatures.

Hogarth, as he had no predecessor in English art, so he founded no school. His fame rests on his prolific invention of details, his minute delineation of character, and his trenchant satire on the manners and vices of the time. His technical method was always defective; and his attempted religious painting, as seen conspicuously in those large scriptural subjects which used to hang in the Redcliff Church, at Bristol, was pitiable in the extreme.

The next name that arrests us at Manchester is that of Richard Wilson, of whose characteristic landscapes there are no less than nine or ten examples. Here is the original of his "Niobe" (32)—a picture of the "heroic" school of Poussin—belonging to Mr. Wynn Ellis, which was painted in 1760, and which first introduced him to his countrymen in the department of art which he selected, in preference to portrait-painting, at the advice of Zuccarelli. His Italian views are the most interesting of the group—especially Lord Dartmouth's "Rome with St. Peter's" (34), and Mr. Waits Russell's "View on the Arno" (39). Mr. E. Loyd's "Vale of Llangollen" (38) is pretty, but there is no atmospheric distance in the picture. Gainsborough, born in 1727, fourteen years later than Wilson, was his decided superior in landscape-painting, and was the rival of Reynolds in portraiture. Some of the most famous portraits of this great and almost self-taught artist are at Manchester, and will bear the strictest comparison with the best works of his contemporary. The finest of all, perhaps, is the large picture of "A Young Lady seated on a bank, with a Dog at her side"—one of the gems (42) of the Hertford Gallery. This is a most charming and graceful composition, and admirably painted. The colours stand, and the general harmony of tone is complete. The dog, of the Pomeranian breed, which must have been very scarce then, as it is far from common now, is represented to the life. The next portrait of Gainsborough at which we stop is that of Mrs Siddons (74), which, however, is not nearly so remarkable. Not so Mr. Tollemache's "Two boys and fighting dogs" (92), which is altogether first-rate, and shows this painter's vigorous power in several distinct lines of art. Equally excellent is the Marquis of Westminster's "Blue Boy" (156)—a portrait of Master Buttall—which deservedly occupies the post of honour in the first saloon. The story is, that in this picture Gainsborough determined to disprove an assertion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that no picture could be harmonious in colour in which there was a predominance of blue. Accordingly he clothed the lad altogether in blue satin, but toned the central mass of colour so judiciously with reference to the background and accessories, that he proved his point. The picture is remarkable for graceful treatment of form, and for thoroughly pleasing combination of tones. Next to the "Blue Boy" is another of Gainsborough's portraits—that of "Mrs. Graham" (157)—which is much to be commended. His "Two Beggar Boys" (201), in the first vestibule, contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, is an English Murillo, full of nature and vivacity. We must retrace our steps to examine the landscape style of this thoroughly English master. No (56), belonging to Mr. Todd, is a cold woodland scene—very true to our climate and atmosphere. Others, such as 70, 90, and 96, are not conspicuous. But the "Market-cart" (153), belonging to Mr. Tollemache, is of high interest, though inferior to the one bearing the same title in the National Collection. We must signalize also, "The Cottage Door" (161), and "The Children with a Donkey" (193), as charming scenes of homely, quiet life. The simplicity and manliness of style in this great artist are most noticeable. He seems never to have degenerated into mannerism. He eschewed the stupid mythology and affected taste of his times, and both in landscapes and portraits, ever aimed at an honest truthfulness of effect borrowed from nature itself, as he saw it by his own observation.

Reserving Sir Joshua Reynolds for a more extended notice, we come next to De Louthembourg, one of the earliest Royal Academicians, but a very insipid painter. Two naval battles by this artist, belonging to Mr. Frith, and a landscape (94), from the Royal Academy, are of small interest. Some of Romney's portraits are better worth looking at, especially Lord de Tabley's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante" (83), but this may be owing to the rare beauty of the original. That too of "Lord Stanley and his Sister" (125), is very pretty. In those days, artists did not all gravitate to London, but were content with provincial fame. Thus Gainsborough himself lived chiefly at Bath, which was, however, a place of fashionable resort; and Gandy (who through his father claimed artistic descent from Van Dyck), a painter of great but undeveloped powers, never left Exeter. Northcote narrates that Sir Godfrey Kneller, seeing a picture by this artist, exclaimed vehemently against his folly in not seeking his fortune in the metropolis. Wright of Derby was another of these provincial celebrities; and by him there are some remarkably good works at Manchester. His "Siege of Gibraltar" (81), belonging to Lord Overstone, has decided power, and the lurid glare of the bombardment is effectively rendered. His portraits also are respectable. That of J. J. Rousseau (84 A), was painted by the Derby artist, we may conjecture, during the time when that morbid refugee found an uncongenial home at Wootton, in the neighbouring county. We pass over the names of Wheatly and Woodford. There are some average works by Stubbs, the animal painter; and Mortimer and Gilpin are represented by unique specimens. We observe three theatrical scenes by the shallow Zoffany, of which Lord Carlisle's "Foote as Major Sturgeon" (101), is the best, and a very good specimen of this line of art.

The Royal Academy, which exacts a picture from each Acade-

mician upon his election, has come to possess in course of time a series of great interest, as specimens of the English school. It is not too bad that the public have no opportunity of seeing this collection as a whole, especially considering how large a part of the building in Trafalgar-square is assigned to the gratuitous use of that close corporation? Some, however, of these presentation pictures have been lent to Manchester, and materially help to illustrate the succession of British Art. Such are, Hamilton's "Vertumnus and Pomona" (99) and "A Coast Scene" (97) by Farrington, who, with Hodges, the painter of the noticeable "Death of Captain Cook" (110), was the pupil of Wilson. Copley's reputed masterpiece is the "Death of Chatham," in the National Gallery; but his "Death of Major Pierson" (112), on the invasion of Jersey by the French, sent to Manchester by the painter's illustrious son, Lord Lyndhurst, seems to us a far more impressive and masterly composition. We cannot admire Fuseli's spasmodic design; and it would be hard to speak with temper of such a picture as his "Hotspur and Glendower" (103). (North cote's "La Fayette in the Dungeon of Olmutz" is of a much higher merit; and his "Jael and Sisera" (122) is spirited, but a curious conception of the scene—Jael, for instance, being represented as extremely youthful. His own portrait, by himself (215), hangs in the next saloon. The "Cottage Door" (123), by William Owen, is a pretty naturalistic scene of English peasant-life; and some of Nasmyth's landscapes are attractive. But we may pass over the mediocre works that are exhibited under the names of Thomson, Opie, Dawe, and Singleton. Barry's "Pandora" (118) exemplifies his flimsy classic revival. This picture, which in 1807, was bought for 230*l.*, had declined in value to about 12*l.* in 1846—a curious proof of altered, but improved, taste. Nothing more need detain us in the first saloon, except the ineffective "Boy and Girl" (146), the presentation work of a clerical Royal Academician, the Rev. W. Peters, and some specimens of Harlowe's. This artist's "Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catherine" (150*a*) is not without interest; but anything more pert, inane, or silly than his affected groups of female heads, described respectively as "The Congratulation" (150*b*) and "The Proposal" (166) it is quite impossible to conceive. We must consider the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds collectively in a future paper.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Society, a very important communication was read from Professor William Thomson, F.R.S., On the *Electric Conductivity of Commercial Copper of various kinds*.

In measuring the resistances of wires manufactured for submarine telegraphs, the author was surprised to find such great differences between different specimens as most materially to affect their value in the electrical operations for which they are designed. It seemed at first that the process of twisting into wire rope and covering with gutta percha, to which some of the specimens had been subjected, must be looked to as affording the explanation of these differences. After, however, a careful examination of copper wire strands—some covered, some uncovered, some varnished with india-rubber, and some oxidized by ignition in a hot flame—it was ascertained that none of these circumstances produced any influence on the whole resistance; and it was found that the wire rope prepared for the Atlantic cable (No. 14, composed of seven No. 22 wires, and weighing altogether from 109 to 125 grains per foot), conducted about as well on the average as solid wire of the same mass. But in the larger collection of specimens which thus came to be tested, still greater differences in conducting power were discovered than any previously observed. It appeared now certain that these differences were owing to different qualities of the copper wire itself, and it became highly important to ascertain how wire of the best quality could be procured. Accordingly, samples of No. 22 wire, and of strand spun from it, distinguished according to the manufactories from which they were supplied, were next tested, and the following results were obtained:

Table of relative conducting qualities of single No. 22 copper wire, supplied from manufactories A, B, C, D.

	Resistance of equal lengths.	Weights of seven feet.	Resistances reduced to equal conducting masses.	Conducting power (reciprocals of resistances) of equal masses.
A	100	121.2 grains.	100	100
B	100.2	125.8 "	104.0	96.05
C	111.5	129.0 "	110.5	90.5
D	127.6	111.7 "	182.0	54.9

The strands spun from wire of the same manufactories showed nearly the same relative qualities, with the exception of an inversion as regards the manufactories B and D, which the author has been led to believe must have arisen from an accidental change of labels before the specimens came into his hands. Two other samples, chosen at random, about ten days later, out of large stocks of wire supplied from the same manufactories, were tested with different instruments, and exhibited, as nearly as could be estimated, the same relative qualities. It seems, therefore, that there is some degree of constancy in the quality of wire supplied from the same manufactory, while there is vast superiority in the produce of some manufactories over that of others. It has

only to be remarked that a submarine telegraph constructed with copper wire of the quality of the manufactory A, of only $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch diameter, covered with gutta percha to a diameter of a quarter of an inch, would, with the same electrical power, and the same instruments, do more telegraphic work than one constructed with copper wire of the quality D, of $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch diameter, covered with gutta percha to a diameter of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, to show how extremely important it is to shareholders in submarine telegraph companies that only the best copper wire should be admitted for their use. When the importance of the object is recognised, there can be little difficulty in finding how the best, or nearly the best wire, is to be uniformly obtained; for all the specimens of two of the manufactories which have as yet been examined have proved to be of the best, or little short of the best quality, while those of the others have been found inferior in nearly constant proportions.

The cause of the differences in electrical quality is a question not only of much practical importance, but of high scientific interest. If chemical composition is to be looked to for the explanation, very slight deviations from perfect purity must be sufficient to produce great effects on the electric conductivity of copper, the following being the results of an assay by Messrs. Matthey and Johnson, made on one of the specimens of copper wire which was found to be of low conducting power:—

Copper	99.75
Lead	0.21
Iron	0.03
Tin or Antimony	0.01

The entire stock of wire from which the samples experimented on were taken has been supplied by the different manufactories as remarkably pure; and, being found satisfactory in mechanical qualities, it had never been suspected to present any want of uniformity as to value for telegraphic purposes, until Professor Thomson first discovered the difference in conductivity referred to. That even the worst of them are superior in conducting power to some other qualities of commercial copper, although not superior to all ordinary copper wire, appears from the following set of comparisons, which the author made between specimens of the No. 22A wire and ordinary copper wire purchased in Glasgow—fine sheet copper used in blocks for calico-printers, and common sheet copper:—

Length of No. 22A, weighing 125 grains per foot, used as standards.	Conductors tested.	Their weights per foot.	Lengths resisting as much as standards, if of equal conductivity.	Lengths found to resist as much as standards.	Conductivity referred to that of No. 22A, as 100.
Inches 23.8	Ordinary No. 18 wire	grains. 57.5	79.0	Inches 73.6	93.4
	Slip of fine sheet-copper	37.6	16.3	9.1	55.8
	Slip of common sheet-copper	51.1	45.77	15.6	34.1

Experiments showed that the greatest degree of brittleness produced by tension does not alter the conductivity of the metal by as much as one-half per cent. Experiments also proved that no more sensible effect on the conductivity of copper wire is produced by hammering it flat. There are, no doubt, slight effects on the conductivity of metals produced by every application, and by the altered condition after the withdrawal of excessive stress; but the author has found the effects to be extremely minute.

To ascertain whether or not there is any sensible loss of conducting power on the whole due to the spiral forms given to the individual wires when spun into a strand, the author suggests that it would be desirable to compare very carefully the resistances of single wires with those of strands spun from exactly the same stock. This he has not yet had an opportunity of doing, but he has found by experiments that any deficiency which the strand may present, when accurately compared with solid wire, is nothing in comparison with the differences presented by different samples chosen at random from various stocks of solid wire and strand in the process of preparation for telegraphic purposes.

Professor Thomson has, with great care, estimated, in absolute measure, the specific conductivities of various specimens of copper, and has found that the specific resistances of nineteen different descriptions of metal vary from 7,600,000 to 22,300,000 per grain of mass, per foot of length. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of these facts, and of Professor Thomson's researches, particularly at the present time, when science is about to make one of the boldest and most interesting experiments on the electric conductivity of copper through long distances, by laying down the Atlantic telegraph.

FAZIO.

A SINGULAR combination of circumstances distinguished the production of *Fazio* at the Lyceum last Wednesday night. That one of the most eminent of English Church historians should have written a play which should first rise to wide popularity in a foreign version and by the assistance of an Italian actress, deserves to be remembered as one of the literary curiosities which will attract the notice of some

future Disraeli. Great and deserved as the reputation of Dr. Milman is, we have no doubt that to a large proportion of our readers his poems in general, and *Fazio* in particular, are known rather by a somewhat vague recollection than by any intimate personal acquaintance. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise. Dr. Milman is rather a brilliant versifier and a vigorous writer than a great poet; and *Fazio* belongs to a class of plays which, in the present day, does not receive many accessions, and is not likely to find many admirers, unless any of them should be raised into exceptional popularity by the talents of a great actor.

Fazio is an Italian tragedy, written in somewhat conventional but manly language, and possessing the great merit of a simple, straightforward plot, the action of which is carried on by every scene, and almost by every speech. *Fazio* is a young Italian chemist, deeply occupied in the search of the philosopher's stone, and almost as much, if not more, taken up with the charms of his young wife, whom, however, he has married after his love has been slighted by a certain Aldabella. Just after the young couple have been congratulating themselves on the superiority which their affection gives them over their miserly neighbour Bartoldo, Bartoldo himself staggers in, lamentably wounded by robbers, who had in vain employed torture to compel him to give up his hoards. He dies upon the stage, with many careful and ingenious struggles, which we must own were somewhat too ghastly for our taste, though the mixture of triumph, pain, and avarice, was very vigorously represented. His death suggests to *Fazio* the thought that, by appropriating the treasure which escaped the robbers, he would find a short cut to the philosopher's stone. He yields to the temptation, and in the next act we find him in front of his palace, followed and flattered by professional sycophants. The most welcome witness of his grandeur is his first love, who piques him by working alternately on his jealousy and his vanity, into avowing a return of his former affection. When the wife takes the place of the mistress, *Fazio*'s emotion betrays him; and the scene in which Bianca's instincts guide her to the discovery that her husband and her rival have met, and in which she first warns him of his danger, and then melts into tenderness, afford Madame Ristori excellent opportunities to display her wonderful flexibility of form and of feature. We are only repeating a criticism which has become a commonplace, in referring once more with admiration to the genius which can so readily impress with the deepest tenderness, a countenance cast in a mould of such magnificent grandeur. *Fazio* is almost won by his wife's charms, and leaves her with the determination to see Aldabella but once more in order to bid her farewell. In the absence of Bianca she soon resumes her old empire over *Fazio*. Yielding to her seductions, he consents to share the feast which she has prepared, and calls for wine to stifle his conscience. Much as it was laboured, and undeniable as were the charms of Aldabella, this struck us as the weakest part of the performance. It was, we think, considerably overdone, and, indeed, there was a shade of exaggeration in the whole of Signor Vitaliani's part.

Bianca learns the infidelity of her husband from the gossip of her servant, who, in order to divert her attention, mentions that the Duke and his Council are investigating the death of Bartoldo. This furnishes her with a weapon of revenge. She hurries to the Council, and denounces her husband with a stern composure, gradually deepening into intense excitement, which pleased us, on the whole, as much as anything in the play. *Fazio* being brought up in custody and condemned to die, his wife's agony becomes overpowering. Her anger melts into remorse. She not only accompanies and soothes her husband in his prison, but bends herself to beg for Aldabella's influence in his favour. All, however, is in vain. *Fazio* is beheaded, and Bianca rushes into a feast given to the principal nobles by Aldabella, and before them all denounces her as the seducer of her husband. Aldabella retires in horror and penitence, and Bianca dies of grief.

As might have been expected, the last two acts of the piece abound in *tours de force*, which perhaps no one but Madame Ristori could conceive or execute. When, for example, her husband is sentenced to die, she interposes between him and the guards, drags him away by main force, and reiterates her assertions of his innocence with an energy almost terrible. Perhaps, however, her powers are most astonishing when she has to hover over her enemy in the last scene, telling her that her lover's blood is now his necklace, instead of her arms. The repetition of the word *sangue—sangue—sangue* produced an extraordinary effect on a not very impressible audience. A further illustration of the same powers occurred in the ghastly stare and shudder with which she clasped her forehead and attempted to listen for the death-bell tolled for her husband. Many other instances might be cited; but to those who were not so fortunate as to see the piece, they would afford little information of Madame Ristori's manner, whilst, to those who have witnessed her acting on this and other occasions, the special examples to which we have referred will be enough to recal a scene not likely to be soon forgotten.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE opera of *La Sonnambula* is one which must always delight, when the music belonging to the heroine's part is sung as it was on Tuesday evening by Madame Alboni. What matter's it that personal peculiarities somewhat militate with the ideal of the

rustic maiden? From the opening recitative, "Care compagne," to the final air, "Ah! non giunge," Madame Alboni kept the audience in a fervour of admiration at her perfect and beautiful execution. If plaudits be the test of success, the new tenor, Signor Belart, who took the part of Elmo, had reason to be pleased with his reception. He had the encore of the evening, and repeated the air "Tutto è sciolto" with much applause. Signor Belart's voice is of thin quality, and he has constant recourse to the falsetto, not always with the most agreeable effect. He might with advantage have thrown a little more ardour into his impersonation of the lover. Signor Corsi sang and acted the part of Count Rodolph in an effective manner, Bouquet-throwing and calling before the curtain were gone through with the usual amount of zeal.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. The splendid series of choruses of which the first part is composed tested to the utmost the generalship of Signor Costa, and the training of the army of singers whom he had to lead through the intricate windings of the music. The result was highly creditable to all parties, and occasionally the effect produced was grand; but the unfavourableness of the conditions under which music is heard at the Sydenham Palace was even more manifest than on the former two occasions. Of the three performances, that of *Judas Maccabæus* was eminently the most successful—that of *Israel*, we think, the least so. The former oratorio is one which admits of being taken in the rough better than either of the others, which are full of the most refined effects, of which we cannot afford to lose a shade. With every inclination to do homage to Handel, we cannot but think it satisfactory that performances of this kind are necessarily exceptional and of rare occurrence; and we sincerely hope that the taste for monster choruses may not receive a stimulus from the partial success which has been attained here.

In the second part of *Israel*, the songs were delivered by the solo singers with great energy, and were received by the audience with proportionate applause. Madame Clara Novello's piercing soprano was well heard to the most distant parts of the transept. Some liberties taken by this lady with Handel's text—particularly one in the last solo passage, "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea"—may perhaps find some excuse in the necessity of giving unusual pungency to the voice under the circumstances, but they admit of no other. If it be an interesting fact that a singer can reach a particular high note, above the compass of ordinary voices, the proof should be made on something else than that sublimely simple passage which Handel has put into the mouth of Miriam, which to alter in any way is to spoil. Mr. Sims Reeves did the best he could for the air "The enemy said, I will pursue." Probably he never sung this stirring song with more fire—the last notes being shouted out at the top of his voice, and with the whole power of his lungs. This display of physical effort produced an encore. Musically speaking, the song was but a shadow of its real self.

The results of the experiment that has been made are, we think, the following:—For the performance of whole oratorios on a monster scale, the Crystal Palace is essentially unfitted, and probably nothing short of roofing and boarding up the entire transept would make it fit for that purpose. Choral music is the only sort which, in the present condition of the building, can be produced with any effect, and the best is that which is the simplest, and either unaccompanied by instruments, or with simple stringed accompaniments. Elaborate instrumental accompaniments are entirely thrown away—the effects which are produced by the contrast of their various qualities being lost. Nothing during the whole performance sounded finer than the Old Hundredth Psalm.

TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.

A PERFORMANCE of unaccompanied vocal music, intended to illustrate the effects of the system of musical teaching known as the Tonic Sol-Fa system, took place at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. The performers were rather more than one thousand children of both sexes, brought from the various schools in and near the metropolis, in which this system has been introduced. Judging from what we heard, the Tonic Sol-Fa plan is at least as successful as any other now in use. The whole of this large assemblage of singers, all of very juvenile age, was perfectly well under the control of the conductor, and observed the various indications of time and force with amazing precision. Sight-singing can no doubt be taught with success by different methods; but we think the Tonic Sol-Fa system has much to recommend it. Its fundamental principle is to keep the relations of the various notes in the scale to the tonic constantly in view. To the tonic all intervals are referred. The syllables Do, Re, Mi, &c., instead of being merely synonymous with C, D, E, &c., are taken to represent in all cases the seven notes of the scale, irrespectively of the key. The relation of the various notes in the scale to the tonic being the real foundation of harmony and melody, the system which makes this relationship the foundation of its teaching seems certainly the most reasonable one. It teaches directly that which must, by other methods, be got into the head of the learner indirectly before he can read music with certainty. Every one has, indeed, the idea of the

scale in his mind, unconsciously, as he has the knowledge of the properties of space before he begins to study Euclid; but the idea must be brought into distinct consciousness before he can be thoroughly master of all the relations of sounds; and it seems as reasonable to begin the study of music with this as it is to begin geometry with the simple ideas of the properties of space developed in the definitions of Euclid. We have frequently observed in learners difficulties arising from the want of a distinct conception of the properties of the scale. The system is, in fact, not new. The early English musicians, Morley and Tansur, used it; and later writers, Webbe, Crotch, and others have also given it their approval. In fact, it may be called the English system of sol-fa-ing in contradistinction to the French, which is that of Wilhem and Mainzer. The form in which the Tonic sol-fa system now appears is due to a lady, Miss Glover, of Norwich; and it has been further improved by the Rev. John Curwen, of Plaistow, who has invented some modifications, and adapted it for use in schools. The subject well deserves the attention of those persons who, having had the misfortune to be born before the days when musical education was in vogue, are desirous of repairing the deficiency, and to whom sight-singing appears one of the greatest of mysteries.

REVIEWS.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE RAILWAY ENGINEER.*

IF Bacon was right when he maintained that the true end of philosophy is *commodis humanis inservire*, and if we are content to accept the general impression of modern days that physical comfort and secular advantage form the great human *commoda*, it will be difficult to show that any man, in ancient or modern times, was a greater philosopher than George Stephenson. It is not too much to say that the inventor (to all practical purposes) of the locomotive steam-engine, and the founder of the railway system of the entire world, has done as much to promote human comfort and advantage as any single man that ever breathed. And more particularly, we believe that there is hardly a man, woman, or child, in Britain who is not reaping personal profit from the labours of this great and sterling Englishman—from the results of his wonderful ingenuity to devise, and his unparalleled perseverance in urging on his gigantic invention, at a time when great engineers, eminent lawyers, and leading members of Parliament were not ashamed to denounce him as an idiot, and to advise his consignment to Bedlam.

We have read this book with unmingled satisfaction. We hardly remember ever to have read a biography so thoroughly unaffected. There is no pushing forward of the author himself—he never comes between us and his subject. The book is an artless attempt to set out the character and the career of one of the most ingenious, honest, resolute, homely, and kind-hearted of human beings. We thank Mr. Smiles for having made the man walk before us in a most lifelike picture—the entire style of the work is unambitious, lucid, thoroughly manly and good. George Stephenson was, as Mr. Smiles justly says, “a true man; his character exhibits a striking combination of those sterling qualities which we are proud to regard as essentially English.” And when we look at his fine, open, sagacious, unpretending face, as shown in the portrait prefixed to his Life, we do not wonder that Mr. Pease, the wealthy Quaker, who was one of his earliest patrons, should have been strongly possessed in his favour at first sight of him. “There was,” Mr. Pease said, “such an honest, sensible look about him, and he seemed so modest and unpretending.” All his qualities were sterling. High and low liked him the better the better they knew him. His mechanical genius was extraordinary—he never made a mistake—and when he was satisfied that his idea was a sound one, he held by it, in spite of ridicule, of seeming failure, and of the contempt and suspicion of all the great engineers of the day. Through the years in which he stood in a minority of one in his advocacy of the locomotive engine, he was as free from the least misgiving of its ultimate triumph as in the days which he lived to see, when hundreds of such engines were speeding over Britain at every hour of the day and night. And when his views had forced their way at last, and he became a great man and a rich man, he remained unspoiled by success. To the end of life he was unaffected, open, and genial as ever.

Close to the dirty colliery village of Wylam, on the north bank of the Tyne, a few miles west of Newcastle, there still stands a red-tiled building of two stories, divided into four labourers' dwellings. In one of these, a chamber with unplastered walls and a floor of clay, George Stephenson was born, on the ninth of June, 1781. His parents, Robert and Mabel Stephenson, bore an excellent character. His father was fireman of the pumping engine of the colliery. There were six children, of whom George was the second; and the family was maintained on the fireman's wages, of twelve shillings a week. The parents, a neighbour told Mr. Smiles, were “honest folk, but sair haudden down in the world.” Food was so dear that they never could afford to send any of their children to school.

At eight years old, George obtained the place of a herd-boy,

* *The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.* By Samuel Smiles. With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1857.

with twopence a day. He spent his leisure in making water-mills and steam-engines modelled in clay, the pipes being represented by stalks of hemlock. It was a proud day when he was advanced to drive the gin-horse at his father's colliery, being then “a grit bare-legged laddie, full of fun and tricks.” At fourteen, he was appointed assistant-fireman, at a shilling a day. He was so little, that he was accustomed to hide himself when the owner of the colliery came round, lest he should be thought unfit to earn his wages. At eighteen, he attained to the same income as his father; and, on receiving his first week's wages, he said to a companion, “I am now a made man for life.” At eighteen, he learned to read, having been till now ignorant of his letters. At nineteen, he was proud to be able to write his own name. In 1801, he became brakesman at the colliery; and he began to increase his income by mending the workmen's shoes. He was always sober and saving. In November, 1802, he married a respectable young woman, named Fanny Henderson, and took up his abode in a humble cottage at Willington Quay, near Newcastle. He was always inventing little machines, and spent much time in seeking to discover the perpetual motion. Gaining greater skill, he advanced from mending shoes to making them; and he became celebrated in the neighbourhood for cleaning clocks. Here, on the 16th of December, 1803, was born his only son, Robert, now a member of Parliament, and second only to his father as a railway engineer. In 1804, he removed to Killingworth colliery, seven miles north of Newcastle; and, while here, ignorant of the coming greatness of her husband and her child, his poor wife died. Stephenson now spent a year at a colliery near Montrose, in Scotland; and, on his return, finding that his aged father had become blind, he spent all his little savings in raising him from abject distress, and placing him in comparative comfort. So disheartened was Stephenson about this period, that he intended to emigrate to Canada. But he persevered as before, working at the colliery, mending clocks and shoes, and even cutting out the clothes of the workmen. At last, he succeeded in getting into working trim a steam-engine which had foiled the endeavours of all the neighbouring workmen; and, by this, he obtained such a character for ingenuity that, a vacancy occurring, he was appointed engine-wright to the colliery, with a hundred pounds a-year. He now began to turn his thoughts to the locomotive steam-engine.

Railways, consisting of wooden beams, had been used in England as early as 1602. The first iron rails were laid down at Whitehaven, in 1738. Various kinds of propelling power had been proposed for use on these *plate-ways*, as they were called. Sails had their advocates; and James Watt had suggested steam. Trevethick, a Cornish engineer, in 1802, made a locomotive which ran on common roads; and, some years after, Mr. Blackett constructed an engine, which was employed at the Wylam colliery. It could not travel at a greater speed than one mile an hour, and was laid aside as practically useless. Several other engineers made “travelling engines,” which had, more or less, success; but it was left for Stephenson to combine the separate plans of others, and to add such inventions of his own as might render the locomotive practically useful. He pressed the matter on the lessees of the Killingworth colliery; and, in 1813, was authorized to construct a locomotive. It was made, and placed on the Killingworth railway, on the 25th July, 1814. It was excessively clumsy and ugly, but it succeeded in drawing thirty tons weight, at four miles an hour. A host of little improvements were suggested by its daily working; and, in 1815, Stephenson built an engine which may be regarded as containing the germ of all that has since been effected. There is no material difference in principle between the cumbrous machines that screamed and jolted along the coal tram-road in 1815, and the elegant and noiseless locomotive which now takes out the express train, gliding smoothly and swiftly as a bird through the air. And the engines which Stephenson constructed in 1816, are still working daily at Killingworth, after forty years.

Stephenson's locomotives worked away at Killingworth year after year, drawing waggons from the colliery to the wharfs where the coals were put on ship-board. They did their work efficiently; yet somehow they attracted little notice. Their author always maintained that some day such engines and railroads would be well known all over Britain; but he was regarded as an innocent enthusiast.

In 1819, Mr. Edward Pease projected a railway from Stockton to Darlington, to be used in the conveyance of coal. He was supported by a number of Quaker friends; and an Act authorizing the construction of the line was obtained after much opposition. About the end of 1821, George Stephenson called on Mr. Pease, bearing a letter from the manager at Killingworth, recommending him as a person well qualified to aid in the laying out of the line. Mr. Pease had contemplated the use of horse-power upon his railway; but Stephenson assured him that the engine which had worked for years at Killingworth was worth fifty horses, and begged Mr. Pease to come and see it. Mr. Pease went and saw it; and from that day forward was a declared supporter of the locomotive engine. The result was that George Stephenson was appointed engineer to the Stockton and Darlington railway, with a salary of 300*l.* a year; and he removed to Darlington with his family (he had married a second time in 1819) in the year 1823. He laid out every foot of the line; and he built three engines for use upon it at a factory he had set up at Newcastle. The funds for doing so he had drawn from a

present of 1000*l.* given him by public subscription, for his invention of the *Geordy* safety-lamp for use in coal-pits. The railway was opened in September, 1825, in the presence of vast crowds assembled to see the "travelling engine" blow up. The first train consisted of thirty-eight carriages, which were drawn by a single engine at a rate varying from four to twelve miles an hour. The train conveyed six hundred passengers. An unexpected passenger-traffic sprang up, the first carriage being an old stage-coach purchased at a bargain, and placed on a wooden frame. Such was the first British passenger-carriage on a railway. By Stephenson's suggestion the coach was named "The Experiment." The engines did their daily work admirably. And the little factory at Newcastle, founded mainly to bring together more skilful workmen than the country blacksmiths who had made the earliest locomotives, gradually grew into a gigantic establishment, which for many years supplied engines, drivers, and superintendents for all the railways of Europe.

But the grand railway experiment was now to be made. For some years a railway had been talked of between Liverpool and Manchester. The notion met with great opposition, especially from the authorities of the Bridgewater Canal. Still the plan found favour in these two great cities, whose merchants had long suffered from the inadequacy of the water conveyance between them. A company was founded; and all the shares in it were immediately taken up. A deputation was sent to inspect Stephenson's engines at Killingworth. A line of railway was surveyed and mapped out, in spite of the furious opposition of the owners of the land through which it was intended to pass. Personal violence was threatened to the engineers employed; and the most absurd stories were circulated as to the fearful nuisance which would be created by the passing engines. Cows would cease to yield milk, and hens to lay eggs. The houses near the line would be burnt up. Horses would become useless, the species would become extinct, and oats and hay would become unsaleable. The best friends of the locomotive engine lamented that Stephenson should venture to promulgate notions so absurd as that railway trains should some day run at twelve and sixteen miles an hour. Mr. William Brougham, who was counsel before the Committee of the Commons for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, entreated Stephenson to moderate his statements, or he would "inevitably damn the whole thing." The case came before Parliament at length—Stephenson being the principal witness called to prove the practicability of forming and working a railway from Liverpool to Manchester. He was badgered and browbeat by the opposing counsel, headed by the late Baron Alderson; and members of the committee whispered doubts of his sanity, when he declared that he could make the locomotive go at twelve miles an hour. It was insisted that no one but a maniac would think it possible to construct a railroad across Chat-moss. The Bill was thrown out, but only by a majority of one; and an application made in the following Session of Parliament was successful. A Bill authorizing the construction of the railway passed both Houses early in 1826, the cost of obtaining it having been 27,000*l.* Mr. Stephenson was appointed principal engineer, with a salary of 1000*l.* per annum.

He set to work at once; and, in June, 1826, began to make the road across Chat-moss. That great morass, through which the railway runs for four miles, had been impassable even for foot-passengers, except in the driest weather. Week after week, thousands of cubic yards of earth were engulfed without the least apparent progress. At one time, so hopeless did the work appear that, at a meeting of the directors, it was proposed to abandon it. Still Stephenson persevered; and the four miles through Chat-moss now form the best part of the line. Nor was the cost excessive. It was about 28,000*l.* Mr. Giles, an engineer, had declared before Parliament that the work must cost at least 270,000*l.* The works upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway do not appear great to us, accustomed to railway engineering on a grander scale, but they were vast works at the time. There were no contractors then, and no *navvies*—Stephenson had to organize everything for himself. He sent for his son Robert, who had been for some years in America; and ever afterwards, the distinguished father was aided and counselled by the not less distinguished son.

As the railway approached completion, the question of motive power was raised. Stephenson stood alone in urging the directors to employ the locomotive. The directors consulted the first engineers of the day, who, without exception, recommended stationary engines, which should draw the trains by the help of ropes. Stephenson expostulated, entreated; and at last, by pure impertunity, worried the directors into giving the locomotive a fair trial. They advertised that they would give a prize of 500*l.* for the best engine which should be produced upon a certain day, and which should draw a weight of twenty tons at ten miles an hour. On the 6th of October, 1829, the trial took place at Rainhill. Four engines appeared; but one built by Stephenson, the historic "Rocket," won the prize. It drew a weight of thirteen tons, at a maximum speed of twenty-nine miles an hour. And upon that day, the question of the use of locomotive engines on railways was decided for ever. We believe that no man, except the late Colonel Sibthorpe, had a word to say against them afterwards.

The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway took place on the 15th of September, 1830. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and a host of distinguished

persons were present. The sad death of Mr. Huskisson threw a gloom upon the day. But the success of the railway and the locomotive was complete. Little passenger-traffic had been looked for; but, from the opening, the railway carried about 1200 passengers a day. And, five years afterwards, it carried about half a million yearly. The ten miles an hour which Stephenson had been thought mad for speaking of before Parliament, rose to the thirty miles an hour, which his friends had entreated him never to mention, if he did not wish to be shut up in Bedlam. The net profit of the Company exceeded 80,000*l.* per annum. Instead of the land along the line becoming a desert, its value was vastly increased. Each new engine put upon the railway was an improvement upon all its predecessors, though none deviated in principle from the old "Rocket," which, on several occasions, attained a speed of sixty miles an hour. Engines became always heavier and more powerful; and the rails laid down were correspondingly increased in weight.

The great work of Stephenson's life was now done. Railways began to overspread England. In conjunction with his son, Stephenson was appointed engineer of almost all the leading lines which were set on foot. The London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, the Midland, and the North Midland, were among the most important of these. In 1840 he settled at Tipton House, near Chesterfield. His pupils became eminent engineers. Among these are the well-known names of Locke and Gooch, Swanwick and Birkenshaw. He gradually withdrew from active employment in constructing railways, though he still employed himself in mining speculations. At a dinner given to him at Newcastle, on the 18th of June, 1844, he made an autobiographic speech, in which, in a very simple and pleasing manner, he described the hardships and trials of his early history.

During the railway mania of 1845-6, Stephenson held apart from all the new schemes proposed; and disapproved strongly of the reckless spirit of speculation which was then in the ascendant, and of the reckless fashion in which Parliament authorized lines in parts of the country where it was impossible that they should remunerate the shareholders. In November, 1845, not fewer than six hundred and twenty new railways were projected; many of them, like the celebrated Glenmuckin line, running from places which no one ever came from, to places which no one ever went to.

In 1844, a fine statue of Stephenson was erected in St. George's Hall, at Liverpool. In 1845 he visited Spain, to survey a projected line of railway; having previously laid out the Government system of railways in Belgium. From over-fatigue in Spain he had an attack of pleurisy, which he never got quite over. His declining years were spent at Tipton, where he became an enthusiastic horticulturist. His pineries and green-houses were his delight. His early fondness for all kinds of animals revived; he had many attached pets among his dogs, horses, and birds; there was not a birds-nest upon his grounds which he did not know, or which he failed to visit daily. In his eagerness to eclipse the pines of Chatsworth, he spent too much time in the unwholesome air of his forcing-houses. An intermittent fever, which was attributed to this cause, carried him off after a few days' illness. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The shops of Chesterfield were closed, and all business was suspended, on the day of his funeral.

Thus lived and died George Stephenson, the great railway engineer. He was an intensely honest man. No slop-work ever went out from his factories, or was suffered on his railways. Although thrifty and frugal, from early necessity and long habit, he was a most generous man when a deserving case was brought before him. His quiet ease and simple dignity of deportment marked him out as one of nature's gentlemen. And we have reason to know that to the very last, ever kind and sympathetic to the faintest promise of talent like his own, he would willingly spend hours in discussing and explaining the principles of his great invention to a boy of fifteen or sixteen. There are countries where such a man would have been ennobled, and covered with ribbons and orders; here he died as he had lived, plain George Stephenson. But such distinctions would not have befitted one who rendered benefits so little fanciful to his country and to his race. A plain monument in Chesterfield Church marks his resting-place. But he has a most noble memorial in the great system of iron roads which converge to Britain's great cities, and are ramified away to her quietest country nooks, and in the trains which ceaselessly, night and day, flit through the rich garden-like scenery of southern England—whirl along the sea-margin, low on the sand, or high on the rock—and scatter the startled sheep, as they speed, a little detached bit of comfort and refinement, through the wild Dumfriesshire hills.

FIDES; OR, LOVE-MAKING A LA BELGRAVIENNE.*

WE took up this book with a feeling akin to awe. The deep red antique edging, the black funeral binding, the pages bordered with the same sable hue, and outside the simple device of a plain black cross, betokened some dark and thrilling mystery. This feeling was not lessened when we came to a dedication to Mr. Liddell—half polemical and half penitent—in which the author's own sins and the Privy Council judgment on the

* *Fides*. By the Author of "Gabrielle; or, the Sisters," &c. London: Newby. 1857.

Westerton case are treated of in the same sentence. We prepared to read and to review it with becoming reverence. But we are bound to say that all our finer feelings have been trifled with; for on proceeding to the book itself we discovered that the whole *motif* of this ascetic-looking production was the flirtations of a flighty young gentleman. *Fides* is not, as our readers might imagine, the description of a theological quality—it is only a theological young lady. How she came by so strange a name—seeing that the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer was not written at the time of her birth—we are not told. But Miss Fides Locke was entitled to a strange name, for she was a person of no commonplace character. She was one of those young ladies whom their admirers call “beings.” Her passions were of the deep, dark, *Promethean* *Vinctus* order. Her father was uncivil to her; and therefore she was perpetually suffering unutterable pangs, and hiding them under ineffable smiles. In fact, if our readers can imagine Byron’s *Corsair* to have been a young lady-member of the congregation of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, they will have an exact picture of Miss Fides Locke. In one point, indeed, she departed from her prototype, as well as from the pattern of the young-lady world in general. She was deeply learned, and so little diffident of her accomplishments that it was her wont to quote Diodorus Siculus at balls and Ephraim Syrus at evening parties, as well as to spout poetry by the yard, and to make speeches to her company of two or three pages long on things in general and ritualism in particular. With this young lady there fell in love one Philip Vernon, a young gentleman with “a latent fire within,” “who was ever yearning for something which could not be attained,” and who was afflicted with “an inordinate pining for beautiful forms,” but whose devotion had been blighted in early youth by the pews and had singing in his father’s village church. Considering that Miss Fides, in addition to the value of Diodorus Siculus as an element of domestic happiness, possessed also great beauty and great wealth, this result was no matter of surprise. Unfortunately, just at the crisis of the proposal, Philip Vernon was summoned to the death-bed of a near relation; and this relation had a housemaid. This housemaid was distinguished by the romantic name of *Victorine*, and possessed the “loveliest face and figure that romancers essay to describe.” Our readers will recognise the following description of a beautiful housemaid as being marvellously true to nature:—“Roses and lilies might truthfully have been said to vie with her complexion, while masses of golden clustering hair fell over her shoulders.” Philip was seized with an insane desire—not uncommon in young gentlemen with an “inordinate pining for the beautiful”—to instruct this golden-haired housemaid in the rudimentary art of writing. The natural result was that, before long, tutor and pupil used to be seen wandering by twilight among certain monastic ruins in the neighbourhood, among which, as our authoress tells us, “droning-bees lazily skimmed from flower to flower, whispering plainly of past vigils and ayes.” Her monastic friends will not be very much obliged to her for the comparison. That monks performing “vigils and ayes”—analogous ceremonies, apparently, in her eyes—did not in point of asceticism, differ very widely from “droning-bees skimming from flower to flower,” is a base calumny of Exeter Hall, and quite unfit for so funeral a romance as this. To return to our lovely housemaid. In spite of this taste for amorous archaeology, she was quite aware of her real interest; and, one morning, to Philip’s infinite disgust, was found to have eloped with a dirty sailor. As soon as he had recovered from the blow which his pride had received, he bethought him of a return to his first love, Miss Fides. And here the amiable character of that pious young lady begins to develop itself. She was still intensely attached to him. In fact, she had already tasted the full luxury of a broken heart; but her pride not only would not forgive his inconstancy, but could not forego the pleasure of crushing him in turn, and making him share the agony which he had inflicted. Accordingly she resolves to encourage him, to lure him on to renew his first proposals, and then, when his peace of mind was thoroughly staked upon the issue, to spurn him from her with bitter reproaches; and we are favoured, by a license which a religious novelist alone would venture to take, with an accurate report of one of her extempore prayers, in which she is made to detail this amiable project to the Deity, and to request His aid and sanction. We will give an extract from this strange production, that our readers may know exactly how “beings” pray.

“Enable me, I beseech Thee, ever to preserve the outward shield of calmness and indifference, coldness and reserve; grant me but this, Heavenly Father, and the inward anguish I can bear; though it is bitter, it is very, very hard to bear and live.” And she wept long and passionately. “Think, merciful Father, what a life mine has been—how darkened, how despairing from grief, how full of the sensitive feelings which Thou hast implanted in my breast; so sensitive and tender, that they painfully shrink from the slightest rude collision. Think of the intellect Thou hast bestowed on Thy weak creature, the gift of discriminating the character of others, their hidden motives, and all the secret windings and littlenesses which actuate humanity, poor, poor fallen humanity! Thou seest I have high appreciation of the grand intellectual gifts Thou hast so freely showered on me—I cherish superiority—with an iron hand I control every outward display of emotion. But what am I, Lord? What am I? Dust and ashes, sin, misery, and corruption—the ground-worm beneath the Star of glory! My wisdom is folly without Thee—my gifts are but snares if Thou art not with me, to withhold my heart from going astray, and to shield me from paltry pride and vanity of self. Yet, Lord of heaven and earth, it is grand to be enabled to contemplate Thee and Thy glorious works of Thy universe, to rise above the considerations of time.

Alas, alas, vain boasting! contradictory struggles—when this rebellious heart is bursting with suppressed agony, and this first-last love I can ever know has overmastered all resolution, all strength, all discipline. Yes, the plague-spot is darkening my soul—I cannot shake it off—I burn for some revenge which may enable me to conquer self: to regain my own self-trust, self-reliance; to conquer human weakness; O that he would return and kneel at my feet, and plead with low, tender tones, and eyes whose dark depths reveal far more than words dare speak! O that he would return and plead for pardon and sue for my love again! Grant but this, Heavenly Father, and then take me to Thyself. To Thyself—alike I? Dare I say so, with such impious feelings and such impious prayers on my lips? Yes, I retract not: I pray Thee hear me; suffer Philip Vernon to kneel at my feet, as mortal lover kneels to the beloved; suffer me to listen to his soft whispers of passion and entreaty; let him plead for my love; and then, then—” Sobs, fearful, convulsive sobs, choked further utterance; and in helpless weakness, and utterly prostrated by the intense emotion she had freely given way to, Fides Locke sank on her couch exhausted, yet breathing an aspiration of thanksgiving, as her aching head rested on the pillow, so welcome to the weary.

Of course, in speaking of a religious novelist we must not venture to speak of irreverence; yet what would have been said of Lord Byron if, by a bold effort of imagination, we can conceive him to have written the above? However, the scheme, detailed with such engaging candour, on an occasion when the sons of men are least wont to speak, even to themselves, of their intended crimes, is ruthlessly carried out. The young lady—church-building and church-going all the time, keen for altarcrosses and staunch upon the celibacy of the clergy—succeeds in inducing Philip to renew his advances, with the deliberate intention of making him miserable for life.

After a long courtship her opportunity comes, and she does justice to her feelings as follows:—

“As there is a God above us, Philip Vernon—as the stars He made look down upon us—I will never be your wife, and I reject your love with contempt. Forgiveness and pity I freely accord you, fickle, false, dishonoured as you are. Philip Vernon, once your love would have emboldened me; now I reject it with scorn for ever.”

“And yet, Fides Locke, while you reject my love your heart is breaking, for you love me with a passion as fervent as that which you reject. Pause—have mercy, Fides, on me, and on yourself; if you reject me again contemptuously we are lost, for oh! Fides, your contempt kills my soul; and by the love which I know you bear me, have mercy—be noble, and hear my pleading prayer—my last prayer to my God and you. I love you, Fides, as man never loved woman before; reject me not—let your noble heart plead for me.”

There was a long fearful pause, and the hollow tones were heard no more which told of agony and struggles overwhelming. Silvery, clear, and sweet, on the starlit balmy air, was the music of the soft voice which made reply. “You say that I love you, Philip Vernon. Listen, as unblushingly, and with no maiden coyness, I admit the truth. How deeply and how devotedly I have loved you, Philip Vernon—the All-seeing alone knows. But to save you from death at this moment, I would not be your wife. You forsook me—slighted me—Saviour—Thou alone canst tell the bitter agony of those pangs; and I repeat deliberately—deliberately, mark me, Philip Vernon, that I reject you and your renewed love with contempt and for ever. I have led you on to make this avowal, and now it has been made, we part. Your heart is crushed, Philip Vernon, as well as mine—but you crushed my heart first—and now farewell, you will never find another to love you like Fides Locke, nor another to reject you like Fides Locke.”

She returns to the drawing-room, and begins to descant upon a middle-pointed Gothic; while he rushes abroad and plunges into debauchery—these being the respective modes in which their broken hearts display themselves.

Seven years pass away. At the commencement of it, her favourite clergyman—a man, “pale and wan, and moving stealthily about with downcast looks,” after the most approved fashion—had, after proposing to her, actually gone and married a pretty young flirt of the neighbourhood. Miss Fides was too stout a believer in the celibacy of the clergy to pass over such conduct without showing a proper sense of its atrocity. Accordingly she did not go to church for seven years; and shutting herself up in her house, nourished her grief in silence. At last it undermined her constitution; she sank rapidly; and, before long, was at the point of death. There are several intimations of supernatural machinery in the book; dreams are dreamt several times, and come marvellously true; entrancing music is heard in places where it is out of all human probability that an organ-grinder could have secreted himself; but Fides’ recovery involves such a marvellous tale of clairvoyance, that we fear Dr. Maitland will give up our orthodox authoress as a confirmed heretic. Fides has just been pronounced dead by the Doctor. At that moment Philip is enjoying an opera at Naples, rather drunk—when, instead of the opera, he sees before him “the form of Fides Locke. Yet, oh! how unlike her earthly form—clothed in white and radiant in beauty, and surrounded by a whole host of shadowy glorious shapes—an apotheosis which, we must say, under the circumstances she very little deserved. But the vision has an immediate effect. Philip returns home an altered man, and finds that from the very moment of his vision Fides had begun to recover. “Alone they met—those two who had loved each other with such wild human passion. . . . Alone—nor may the veil be raised which shrouds that solemn meeting.” Old-fashioned readers might possibly imagine that the solemn meeting would end in a marriage. They are very much behind the age. “They thought not of marrying and giving in marriage,” because Philip Vernon, we are informed, was dead to the world—which is quite incompatible with matrimony. He remains through life “a grave and thoughtful man,” without, it seems, to any other particular occupation. Miss Fides undertakes the charge of a Penitentiary—a work the details of which young unmarried ladies seem to have been especially created to conduct.

We must assume, from the tone of this production, and from the dedication "by permission," that it represents the feelings of what may be termed the lackadaisical section of the High Church party. If it be so, we are sorry to be obliged to entertain so bad an opinion of their good taste. We have never viewed the High Church party with the suspicion or the ill-will which is entertained towards it by the decaying sections whose putrescence it precipitates. We have always felt that the sounder part of it appreciates the claims of intellect in religion more than any other organized body in the Church. It recognises the truth that Christianity has no more to fear from the keenest logic than it has from the purest morals; and that true religion is something sterner and more real than a mere vent for the sentimentalism of maudlin emotions. But we must own that this amalgamation of Dr. Pusey and Lord Byron is not to our taste. The Lara-like school has happily vanished within the memory of the present generation. "Helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart" has decidedly gone out of fashion; and we trust has been consigned for ever to the limbo where classical pastorals and chivalry romances have gone before. Neither our regard for religion nor our regard for literature, suffer us to view with any gratification the fact that a performance which has long been hissed off the stage is revived with new properties in the shape of altar-cloths and altar-crosses.

TENNYSON.

THERE are few subjects so puzzling as old friends with new faces. When our military acquaintances returned from the Crimea with bronzed visages and bushy beards, it was some time before we could acknowledge their identity with our former ideas of their appearance. The difficulty is not confined to the human face alone. Our intimacy with a book is equally dependent on its physiognomy maintaining the old familiar type. We have carried Tennyson in duodecimo in our hand or our portmanteau for year after year. We have learnt him by heart, by the eye, as much as by the ear—the size of page and print, and the position of each line and each thought upon the page, has been lastingly impressed upon the retina of our memory. And now, when in a gorgeous regeneration he bursts out in the royalist of octavos, with a sumptuous satin margin to set off the print, and a fringe of pictorial illustrations to accompany the words, we are at a loss what to think and what to say—equally dazzled at the alteration in his personal appearance, and doubtful how far it is a justifiable matter for congratulation.

For ourselves, we are bound to confess that we hold illustrations of poems to be, if not a mockery, a least a superfluity. Every reader of poetry is, or ought to be, his own best illustrator. The effect wrought upon our own imagination by the beauty and fitness of the poet's words is what constitutes the chief charm of reading verse—not the explanation of the effect wrought upon the imagination of another, and presented to us through a different medium. It is a difficult task to write a successful sonnet on a picture; but to paint an interesting picture after the words of a sonnet is a more difficult, if not a more ungrateful, problem still. To bind the sonnet and the picture in indissoluble matrimony or Siamese twinnship together, as is done in all illustrated editions, is to our mind as questionable in taste as painting a statue, or preferring to read by the help of a translation. We had better scramble over the rough travertine to the Egerian fount than be disturbed by the artificial grandeur of marble steps and columns, if we wish to enjoy and understand the real inspiration of the scene. Not only the sceptical satirist, but the devout worshipper of poetical beauty will, we believe, eagerly assert that so the divinity of the spring would be best perceived; *no-præstantius esset numen aquæ*. As long, however, as there are drawing-room tables to be laden with ornamental books—as long as there are persons to give presents, and persons to receive them—so long may we assume that the supply of such works will be regulated in accordance with the demand, and that the works themselves will form in turn a large material for eulogy from such enthusiastic admirers, and jealous inquiry from such colder critics, as may chance to stand round the tables aforesaid. Since it is so, let us, under protest, endeavour to see whether the volume in question is good of its kind.

This question would have been more simply answered if the illustrations had been drawn by one hand alone. If we had been required to look at Tennyson's ideas as reflected from the mirror of one pictorial mind only, we might have found it easier to seize a prevailing tone in the drawings generally. The choice, not less than the management, of the subjects would have gone far to show us what extent of sympathy or common inspiration was to be found between the pencil of the artist and the pen of the word-painter. The book might have lost in variety, but it would have gained in unity of character. It would, in fact, have had a character, where now it has none at all. It would have been good, bad, or indifferent. It is now, like an Academy Exhibition, at once neither, and all three. Vibrating between the extreme poles of symbolistic incomprehensibility and prosaic commonplace, it yet does not escape a certain monotony in its variety, and occasionally falls into absolute self-repetition. The artists, of whose sketches the volume is a compilation, have not worked in combination, or with any visible common aim; and some of them have done more to illustrate their own particular style than the

ideas of the poet. Creswick contributes two churchyards, which are very pretty examples of his most familiar manner. No. 1 is "Where Claribel low-lieth;" No. 2 is "A consecrated spot." The "Dirge" Except for the silver birch which duly shadows one of the millw and the oak trees which solemnly sighs over the other, we can see no reason why the Dirge should not have been as appropriately performed in churchyard No. 1, and Claribel laid as comfortably in No. 2. The same artist sends us two rivulets—one dedicated to "The Farewell," the other to the "Ode to Memory." These, too, might have been transposed without our being either the worse or the wiser. It certainly is not improbable that the brook to which the poet's farewell is bid in the one poem was, in fact, the source from which the memories of boyhood sprang for the other; but such probability is no reason for repeating the vague prettinesses of a conventional brook-scene as illustrating the sentiment of two poems, of which the feeling is so entirely distinct. We could have bought as appropriate a pair of articles in the first print-shop, and suited our individual taste perhaps better.

Were there, again, so few subjects to be found upon which the fancy of Mæliet and Rosetti could adequately expatiate, that they must treat us to two wounded Arthurs, wept over by two sets of Queens? It cannot be said, however, that the treatment is identical. It would be difficult to mistake the painfully distinct intensity of Rosetti's Queens; with their ten sharply-pointed diadems all leaning towards the bearded face of the dying King, as he lies in some fair space of the Vale of Avalon, for the misty solemnity of Mæliet's conception of the fairy-queen which conveyed him from the sight of bold Sir Bedivere. The one gives the sad hush of the last moment, the other the passionate cry of lamentation that rose to the tingling stars.

To Horsley we are indebted for a Gardener's daughter, in half light and half shade, "one arm aloft, gowned in pure white, that fitted to the shape," and so on, *usque ad*—"a sight to make an old man young." The drawing is an exact daguerreotyping of the words, but of the words without the idea. Item, for a May-queen—such a May-Queen as may be found on every first of May on every village green in England, and on the first Saturday in May is prominent among the illustrations of the *Illustrated London News*; but no more like "Little Alice" in particular than like Margaret, or Mary, or Kate, or Caroline, or Deborah, or Jemima, or Keziah in general. Circumstances, again, "or the Round of Life," is illustrated by a drawing which reproduces the words of the poet as literally and prosaically as the pencil can. Surely, if we must have pictorial accompaniments to verse, their aim should be to seize and expand a thought darkly shadowed, to draw out into lifelike detail the imaginative hint conveyed in a few touches—not to labour out a literal translation, or copy into light and shade, of a picture already painted in words as intensely, as clearly, and as fully, as the English language allows. Mr. Horsley appears to us, in almost every instance, not only to have laboured at the wrong thing, but to have laboured in vain. A greater artist has, we think, fallen into the same error in choice of subject in one or two instances; but more pardonably, because more gracefully. "Edwin Morris," or "The Lake," is headed by a sketch of Stanfield's—curves of the mountain, bridge, boat, island, rock, and castle, "with tarrets to lichen-gilded like a rock"—all, in short, that the sketched drew. The drawing is beautiful enough in itself to justify its independent existence; but as an illustration of the poem, a portrait of Sir Robert, with his watery smile, and the lands in Kent or the meadows in York for a background, would have been as germane to the matter. A mere and obvious copy of the words does not give the words themselves their real meaning, which comes out in the contrast drawn by the speaker between the time when he too was a sketcher and pursuer of the romantic and picturesque, and the material dust and drought of his London existence. In consideration, however, of the innate beauty of most of Stanfield's drawings, we are glad to see them even under false pretences.

There are, however, among the artists, some who have thought earnestly both what they should draw in illustration of the poet, and how it should best be drawn. They have not always succeeded—sometimes there is a very marked failure; but there is always an indication of a positive aim in their drawing; an idea set before them, in rendering which they may succeed or fail. It is hardly necessary to say that among these artists Holman Hunt and Millais are prominent figures. In their illustrations there is always something to be studied and understood. But to assert that, after any study, we can understand Rosetti, would be an hypocrisy beyond the homage which human intelligence may justifiably pay to pictorial incomprehensibility. It is, we believe, a favourite habit of Mr. Spurgeon's, in dilating upon the loudness with which the bells are rung in heaven over repentant sinners, to remind his hearers that any one of themselves may pull the rope. Rosetti seems to have materialized this idea in his portrait of Sir Galahad. The knight has alighted by the secret shrine in the forest, and is drinking holy water from a cup suspended before the taper-lit altar. The bell is swinging lustily; and below the table are four figures visible through the dark, solemnly pulling the rope. We presume them to be angels; but if they are such, they might have discovered some less mechanical method of ringing the bell. There is nothing in the drawing to mark the line between what is symbolic, and what is real; and the result is an impression of absolute unreality. If it was by such legerdemain that Sir Galahad was preserved in

a state of innocence and strength, he must have been even more innocent of nature than we have been wont to suppose him—fitter for the delusions of a world of table-turning and spirit-rapping than for the hard honest knocks of chivalry. Rosetti's "St. Cecilia," again, is an invention of which we cannot charge Tennyson as suggesting the idea. There is, indeed, a clear walled city by the sea, armed with a painful perspective of mangonels or catapults, or other rude military engines, and with a sentinel in the foreground biting an apple. Close above his head are the gilded organ-pipes, at which St. Cecily is kneeling asleep with her hands upon the keys. Her position is so far at variance with the ordinary laws of equilibrium as to necessitate her being supported by a mysterious angel clothed in starry drapery. In the words of the preface to the "Palace of Art," which this drawing is intended to illustrate, the artist has sent us here a sort of allegory; but it must be confessed that we have failed to understand it. We are sure, however, that it does not correctly interpret the poet's idea; and equally sure that it is not by a mere representation of the obviously unnatural that the conception of the supernatural is to be gained.

As a contrast to this method of treatment, we would call attention to Millais' "St. Agnes." Pure and calm as the snow on the roof of the convent—hardly more earthly or substantial than her own breath, as it floats heavenward through the frosty air, where she earnestly yearns to be free to follow it—is the pale slight figure which gazes into the night, through the moonlit window of the winding turret-stair. Dress, attitude, and landscape are all of the most perfect and natural simplicity; and it is by this simplicity that the intenseness of the expression is attained. The same praise is due to Stanfield's beautiful moonlight view of the Convent (reminding us strongly of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall), which stands at the end of the same poem, one of the most fortunate in the whole volume for the appropriateness of its illustrations.

Another turret of Millais' drawing (the "Sisters") is equally expressive in its simplicity. Stern, square, hard, and black, it stands out against the sky. A streak of cloud blurs the face of the moon, while the tree-tops are all carried one way, not by a fitful gust, but by a steady, remorseless wind—such is the portal to the scene of the sister's revenge upon the deceiving and deceived Earl. The poem is marked with one sentiment only—the resistless tide of self-concentrated hatred which would turn aside for no obstacle, and regard no consequence. The refrain—"The wind is howling in turret and tree"—is strongly emblematic of this sentiment, and the drawing renders the refrain into form not only in its literal meaning, but in all its latent imagination.

Millais' drawing of "Edward Gray" is another thoroughly good illustration of a simple and beautiful ballad. It is an excellent instance of his power of conveying expression by attitude—

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me,
Bitterly weeping, I turned away—

and the face is, as it should be, turned away from the too curious inquiry of the whole world, and not of Emma Moreland only. But the grasp of the hand, and the bowed figure of the young man leaning for support on his stick, express the convulsive passion of grief under which he is labouring, as truly and fully as the veiled face by the Pompeian fresco-painter represented the stern sorrow of Agamemnon. The light, happy face and figure of the careless girl, who has stumbled upon a terrible question unawares, touched with a sudden sympathy for the grief she has evoked, are in admirable keeping.

"The Lovers' Meeting by the Sea-shore," also by Millais, which stands at the head of "Locksley Hall," is almost equally happy; and here again it is the momentary and impulsive abandon of the attitude by which the effect is produced. We cannot speak as highly of the scene where the maiden aunt is reproving the too susceptible young lady. The figures are conventional, and wanting in expression. In "Dora," the picture of William's child, a fine careless little boy pulling at his grandfather's knee, is simple and pretty; the Parting Scene between Father and Son is angry enough, but we think rather feeble in its anger. A tawny Cleopatra showing her teeth, is more like a wild beast than a fair woman of whom one would readily dream.

We wish Holman Hunt had contributed more to the volume, although we are not invariably satisfied with what he has contributed. His Lady of Shalott is a fine weird figure of an elfin queen; and the expression of her face is not without power; but the web in which she is caught and from which she is vainly struggling to free herself is not the web of Tennyson's weaving. "Out flew the web, and floated wide," does not imply the winding a web of material packthread like a lasso round the form of the hapless lady. A painter may expatiate in symbolisms as much as he pleases in his own pictures; but where he charges himself with interpreting the thought of the poet, he has no claim to such license.

Godiva loosing "the wedded eagles of her belt" in her inmost chamber, is poetically conceived; and the curious staring eyes of which the furniture is mainly composed are effective in telling the story. Holman Hunt has, moreover, caught the feeling of the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" very thoroughly. The quiet lily-garlanded river down which the boat is floating, the minarets and palm-trees reflected in the water, the dreamy attitude and eye of the figure at the helm, all bring before us the idea of the true Mussulman enjoying good *kef*, according to the

modern phrase. But the noblest of Hunt's drawings is that which stands at the end of Tennyson's most perfect ballad, "Oriana." The "pale, pale face, so sweet and meek," of the maiden slain by her lover's own arrow, lies upturned upon the bier—serene and pure in death as in life. Leaning over the face is the ill-fated lover, a sturdy Norse warrior, strong in his armour, but carrying under his armour the "breaking heart that will not break." The figure is full of a rude nobility of tenderness, and a helpless, careless, despairing strength, which show a thorough sympathy in the artist with the idea of the poet. The desolation is truly that of the man who has unwittingly murdered his own happiness.

Mulready gives us one of the worst and one of the best drawings in the volume. "Will Waterproof at the Cock" is a subject which we could hardly have supposed any artist would have had the bad taste to encounter; and "Life and Thought have gone away," is as remarkable for the solemn purity and pathos with which the scene is imagined, as the first is for sheer vulgarity. We can hardly understand the fact of both drawings coming from the same designer.

If the work were to be done again, there are many subjects that might be suggested as more appropriate for illustration than those which have been chosen. It is matter of surprise that neither Hunt, Millais, nor Rossetti, searching for intensity of expression, and careless of all beauty or ugliness, save that of expression, should have attempted to portray St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar. More drawings than fill the volume might have been made out of the "Vision of Sin." But we are steadfast to our first impression, notwithstanding the praise which here and there we have been glad to bestow. We like the poems better without the illustrations. To make use of Wordsworth's plea against visiting the "bonny braes" he had known only in song—

We have a Yarrow of our own,
And why should we undo it?

THE FAIRY FAMILY.*

WE should not like this clever, prettily-illustrated little book one half so much as we do if we put faith in the account of its composition which the author has given in his preface. He would have us believe that he wrote it with a high moral purpose—namely, to do we know not how much good to those amphibious young people who belong neither to the schoolroom nor yet to the boudoir. We are sorry to say it; but we do not believe one word of all this. He accumulated his fairy lore, and wove it into graceful verse, because he found it pleasant so to do. He made his fairies gentle, his maidens pure, and his knights loyal-hearted simply because he had a mind full of natural refinement, which preferred to occupy itself with things which were themselves lovely and of good report. He is neither a prophet nor a preacher; but he is something very like a poet, and that, in these Boanerges days, is, at least in our opinion, a much better thing.

As we have begun by finding fault, we shall say all the evil that we know of the book before we speak of its merits. First, then, we hope that in his second edition the author will remove his preface, and allow the ballads to speak for themselves. We do not like being told at the door of a gallery that the pictures within will make us wiser and better. Secondly, there are scattered sparingly through the volume some weak and ineffective lines which recall Sternhold and Hopkins—a few commonplace ideas which seem to have been introduced merely for rhetorical purposes—two or three utterly execrable rhymes—and several words or phrases which grate most provokingly on our ear. Of the first of these blemishes, the second line of the last verse in page 41 is an example. Two lines in the speech of the Brownie, at the top of page 219, are instances of the second. *Awe* made to rhyme with *chamois* is a shocking example of the third; and the word *earnest*, in page 105, is an instance of the fourth. The plan of the work is a good one. The author has searched through elfin literature, and has grasped the separate character of each sort of fairy. He has then embodied this in a light and pleasant tale written in verse. In every case he has been careful to fill in the minor details of his picture as accurately as possible. If he sings of the merman, he gives us the surf-beat skeries of the Pentland—if he tells of the Vila, we see her floating in air, with the minarets of Belgrade in the distance. Each ballad is preceded by a short introduction in prose, written in a tone of unhesitating credence, as Arnold told the legends of early Rome.

Fairies are, it appears, divided into five groups. We are introduced first to those who dwell in the woods and groves. The elfs, whose history begins the series, were a widely extended race, with settlements all over the Continent as well as in the British Isles. Their chief duty was to guard orphan children. They were accustomed to wander about on summer nights amongst the homes of men; and very often, when they saw good reason for interference, they carried off children to their own country. Sometimes they kept them there for seven years, sometimes for more. Those whom the gods loved best they kept altogether.

Bustle, bustle! Every one
Out into the light—
'Tis the eve of good St. John,
And the moon is bright—
Quickly, quickly o'er the grass
Of the dewy meadows pass;

* *The Fairy Family*. A Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales, illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe. London: Longmans. 1857.

Hasten, hasten to the shade
By the quivering aspens made,
While they whisper overhead
With the breeze of night.

In between the aspens grey
Glides the elfin band;
They have carried far away
To their own green land,
Little Mabel, good and fair,
Never to know pain or care,
Only happiness is there—
In the Elfin Land.

The scene of the next ballad is laid in Brittany. A knight bound for the Holy Land, and under the strictest vows, arrives at a brilliantly lighted castle in the midst of the forest. The castle is the work of enchantment, built up by the spells of the Korrigan, who has the power to change into the fairest shapes the commonest and most unsightly things. He resists all her blandishments, and, with the first streak of dawn, the lady and her maidens lose their beauty, and the proud halls in which they dwelt become grass-grown courts and ivy-mantled arches. Less fair, but less dangerous friends, are the Moss-folk of Southern Germany. They dwell in the woods along the Upper Danube, and seldom appear. Timid and unlovely to look upon, they are easily won by kindness; and happy is the peasant who has not turned a deaf ear to the humble request of these harmless creatures. They always repay a good turn, and their power is as great as their gratitude.

The innumerable caves of the Julian Alps, the solemn oak forests which shroud the ample waters of the Save, and the broad half-inhabited flats of the military frontier, were the home of a race of nymphs known in Servian literature as the Vili. Sometimes they were seen on stags threading the mazes of the woodland, sometimes they rose above the earth and sailed on the clouds of the sunset. A very graceful poem in this volume introduces one of these mysterious creatures giving absolution and counsel to Kara George, when, after his pusillanimous flight, he returned to his country to battle for her independence. The Vila announces to him the doom that awaits him—death by the hand of the assassin, and listens to his noble words of resignation and penitence:—

Then she in tones consoling, soft and low,
Pass to thy country and resign thy breath,
Pass, and lay down the burden of thy woe,
Pass, soldier, to thy death.

La Dame Abonde was the Titania of the fairies who inhabited the hunting-grounds of Lorraine. She it was, if we believe the legend, who foretold to the young shepherdess of Domremy, beneath the enchanted tree, the wondrous tale of glory, pity, and terror which we now connect with the name of Joan of Arc. Here is the end of the interview. Joan has just heard the fate that was in store for her at the hands of the English and her own still baser countrymen:—

The scene hath passed. The moon's faint rim appears
Upon the fountain's marge,

And lesser grows and less, and fadeth quite,
The maiden stands alone; but fast and far
Is shooting down the forest glade, a bright
And scintillating star.

"Thou shalt be free!" she sayeth only this,
Out-passing from the shadow of the tree,
In low soft tones of quiet happiness—
"France, France, thou shalt be free!"

The next group consists of the Fairies of the Fields and Meadows. First we have "the wee fair folk," who had colonies everywhere, but were most at home in Scotland. They lived in small moss-grown hillocks, and danced by moonlight on the greensward. Wherever the ground was struck by their tiny feet, a darker spot was visible on the grass. These spots generally formed a ring similar to those which rationalizing botanists point out as produced by the scattered seeds of a well-known species of fungus. They were good-natured, but rather capricious little creatures, and had a fair right to the badge of their human compatriots, with its appropriate motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*. The Lutin of France, known at sea as the *Nain rouge*, was a mischievous, though not malignant spirit. His most formidable pranks were played in his equine character, when, as the *cheval Bayard*, he galloped, with some unlucky wight on his back, over half a kingdom between nightfall and sunrise. The *Monaciello* lived in the Abruzzi, and amongst the mountains of Calabria. Sometimes he came down into the "Terra di Lavoro," to do good deeds to the industrious peasants of that beautiful district. The "Fair people of Wales" dwelt on an island surrounded by an enchanted lake, in Brecon, which, strangely enough, is not marked on any of the maps of that country which we have consulted. These beings were probably related to the fairy people of Scotland, who have been thus described:—

Their ringlets of yellow hair floated over their shoulders, and were bound over their brows with combs of the purest gold. Their dress consisted chiefly of a mantle of green silk, inlaid with eider-down, and bound round the waist with a garland of wild flowers. Over their shoulders hung quivers of the adder's-skin, stored with arrows dipped in flame. A golden bow hung negligently over the left arm, and little scimitars of the same metal glittered at their sides.

Both these tribes of fairies had the power of assuming any form they pleased. It was one of their amusements to ask mortals for some trifling gift, and if their request was courteously acceded to, to recompense them fourfold. The Brown

and the White Dwarfs of Rügen, who commence the third group, were also gentle and friendly creatures; but the Black Dwarfs, who lived amongst the sea-beat rocks of that island, were no better than the Bishops of Viborg, and dearly loved to do a little in the wrecking line, when they had an opportunity. They had an especial fondness for the elder-tree—a plant which, whether from its blossoming in Germany and England about the mysterious festival of St. John, or from some of its medicinal virtues, of which Evelyn speaks so strongly, has a close but unexplained connexion with the land of Faery. The Trolls of Scandinavia were workers in metal, an inoffensive, industrious race, the forgers of "swords of sharpness" and ploughs which effected all those wonders which our modern agriculturists hope from the application of steam-power. They were hospitable, but could do an ill-conditioned visitor a shrewd turn on occasion. So could the Still-folk of Germany, who were, nevertheless, when well-treated, most kind and helpful little friends. For stories of their revenge, when annoyed, the reader is referred to two ballads in the book before us. Here are the parting words of a cognate spirit, the Hill-man of Switzerland, to a good old couple whom he had saved from an avalanche in return for hospitality shown to him:—

"When the hunter tired comes here to rest,
Or a homeless wight for charity—
When the traveller later would be your guest,
Still kindly listen to his request,
And shelter him as you sheltered me.
May your days like the flakes from your snow-cloud be
As many, and fall as peacefully!"

We are next introduced to another pleasant company—the Fairies of the Hearths and Homesteads. Of these are the Pixies of Devon and Cornwall, tiny things, not larger than a child's doll, always dressed in green, and fond of the moist and shady dingles, where the ivy-leaved harebell and the *Sibthorpia* love most to grow. The Brownie also—the Caleb Balderstone of elfin story, with his short brown hair, and cloak of the same sober colour—appears in this division, as well as the Kobold of Germany, who added to the peculiarities of the Brownie a turn for mischief, which made the miners of the Erzgebirge give his name to that provoking metal which so often cheated their hopes when they thought that they had found silver.

The volume concludes with the fairies of the seas and rivers. We must make room for a description of the airy palace which Morgain La Faye builds up between Reggio and Messina:—

A league a-head

An island lay, a wondrous scene,
Where cedar and where cypress spread
Their boughs of many shaded green.

And on the island, pure and white
As summer cloud in summer sky,
When colourless broad flecks of light
Upon its lofty turrets lie,

A palace; and we soon could see
Its many pillared porticoes,
That terrace bore and balcony
Beneath the shining window-rows;

And marble stairs in lengthy flights
That swept down to the waters blue,
O'ertrailing with gaudy parasites
And starry blooms of every hue;

And vase and statue, group and row,
Stood half concealed in leaves and flowers;
And coral fountains, white as snow,
Flung high in air their rainbow showers.

Next we hear of the good Rusalki, the water-maiden, who dwelt in the great rivers of Russia, and the Merman who inhabited our own North Sea, and last, of the Neck of Scandinavia, whose harping made inconstant lovers mistake the pool for the ford.

Our strictures on the preface do not apply to the introduction, which is quite in place. As little do we mean to say that the book will not have an excellent moral effect. It will do good, as everything beautiful does good. We only protest against being lectured about a moral purpose. Meanwhile, we trust that on those occasions when fairies are busiest—birthday-mornings and Christmas-eves, and golden and silver weddings—such of their number as are within the influence of the *Saturday Review* may distribute many copies of the *Fairy Family*, not forgetting to caution its author to make, in his second edition, the very necessary corrections which we have pointed out.

LIVES OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL.*

THE Duke of Norfolk, in publishing one of the manuscripts in his possession relating to the history of his family, has set a very good example. There must be many family manuscripts in old English houses, the contents of which, if generally known, would be useful to the historian. In the few last years, indeed, we have had several publications founded more or less on family documents; and we may safely say that not one of them has been devoid of value and interest. We do not wish to exaggerate the importance of this source of history. The authors are almost always infected with family prejudices, and absorbed in the admiration of family grandeur. They speak freely of public events; but not only has general gossip

* *The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his Wife.* Edited from the original MSS., by the Duke of Norfolk, E.M. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

been almost always the only foundation for their statements, but they have received this gossip through a medium sure to colour and distort the information it has conveyed. We should not much care to know the opinions of a dependent of any of our great ducal families on the current politics of the present day; nor could his opinions receive a value from the mere fact that they were committed to writing, and the writing only brought to light two centuries hence. All the statements, therefore, of these family annalists relating to matters where the interests of the family and those of the nation have intersected, and where the writer has had no peculiar source of knowledge, ought to be received with the greatest suspicion; and in nine cases out of ten we are entitled to infer nothing more from them than that such was the current talk of the day among a certain class or section of society. What gives these publications real value is that they complete the picture of persons historically famous, or that they contain incidental and undesigned allusions to social habits and customs, or to the state of men's minds and feelings at the period, which are not to be got from any documents of a more formal and public kind.

The manuscript now published contains the lives of the Earl and Countess of Arundel. The Earl of Arundel was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk who suffered for the sake of Mary Queen of Scots. He was born in 1557, and inherited the title and estates of Arundel through his mother. At the early age of eleven, he was married to the daughter of Lord Dacres—his father, who was her guardian, being anxious to secure her as too considerable an heiress to be lost out of the family. When the Earl was fourteen he was remarried in order to make the tie more fully binding. The Duke, after the accession of Elizabeth, had become a Protestant; and the young Earl was brought up in that faith, and sent to Cambridge. He then went to Court, where he led a loose life, and treated his wife as a gay young man would be apt to treat a woman who had been fastened on him for life when he was only eleven. Being, however, of a serious disposition, he abandoned the Court and its ways at an early age, and having fallen in with Catholic books and teachers, he resolved, after some hesitation, to declare himself a Catholic. Fearing the resentment of the Queen, he attempted to flee to France, but his design was discovered, and he was arrested. He was committed to the Tower, examined before the Star Chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. During the remainder of his life he was detained in the Tower; but, in 1588, he nearly left it for the block in consequence of an accusation made against him by two Catholic gentlemen and a Catholic priest, that he was accustomed to pray for the success of the Spanish Armada. He was arraigned and found guilty on this charge, and was sentenced to be beheaded. But the sentence was never executed; and, in 1595, he died in the Tower, of a dysentery ascribed to poison by the enemies of Elizabeth. His wife long survived him, and spent the years of her protracted widowhood in works of charity and love. Like her husband, she had, when a child, been brought up as a Protestant. But she changed her religion when she grew up, and was a zealous Catholic to the end of her days.

It cannot be said that these lives are important or interesting, but they have the value attaching to all biographies of persons sincerely and unaffectedly good. Both the Earl and the Countess were devout Catholics, and tried to live up to the spirit of their creed. Historically, this book adds little to our materials for a knowledge of the reign of Elizabeth. But it throws some little light on the religious conflict going on in the minds of the upper class during the first period of the Queen's reign, when a system of toleration was pursued. We are struck with the indifference with which persons passed from one religion to the other; and, at the same time, we cannot avoid noticing that a real reaction towards Catholicism set in after the Queen had reigned about fifteen or twenty years. The volume also gives several instances of the strong measures taken by the Government against Catholics as soon as Elizabeth had made up her mind to persecute. The writer is so hostile to the Queen, and so utterly unable to comprehend her policy, that few of his statements should be received without scruple. Still we cannot doubt that the Earl of Arundel was treated with considerable harshness, and that the Countess was very ill-used. She was never permitted to see her husband, and was reduced to a very trying state of poverty. On the other hand, the book contains passages which prove that the Catholics were ready to use very strong measures to accomplish their ends. The Earl acknowledged to the Star Chamber that he had written a letter in which he had stated that it was heartily to be desired that some means should be found to deal with the Earl of Leicester. Even if this does not point to assassination, it cannot be taken in any very innocent sense. No one can doubt that there was a Catholic conspiracy against Elizabeth, and that her throne, if not her life, was at stake. Of those minor historical incidents which we search for in books of this kind as giving a life and body to history, we have only found one in this volume that we think worthy of notice. The author relates that after the death of the Duke of Norfolk, and before the death of the Earl, Mary Queen of Scots sent the Countess a piece of tapestry, in which she figured their respective relations to the House of Howard. Considering all the circumstances—that Mary had played so coolly with the vanity and caprice of the Duke, that the Duke had been married three times before he had become her victim, and that, in his last marriage, he had been united to the Countess of Arundel's own

mother—there is something droll, something too characteristic not to be noted, in the sentimental impertinence of this gift. The tapestry shall be described in the words of the author of the manuscript:—

Mary Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, mother to King James, being prisoner here in England (where afterwards she was most unjustly put to death), and having notice how wise and worthily the Countess did behave herself all that time in which the Earl her husband did by evil counsel absent and estrange himself from her, partly to comfort, partly to show the love she bore her; for a token thereof, sent her a piece of work in silk and silver, made and contriv'd by her self in this form.

There was a tree framed, whereon two turtles sat, on either side one, with this difference that, by that on the right hand, there were two or three green leaves remaining; by the other, none at all, the tree on that side being wholly bare: over the top of the tree were these words wrought in silver, *Amoris forte parces*. Signifying that herself and the Countess represented by those two turtles were alike in their affections to two persons of the same family, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Surrey. At the bottom of the tree on that where the former turtle sat by the green leaves these words were also wrought in silver: *Hec Ademptum*, with an anchor under them to show that the Countess whom she put on the right hand, might be in some hope because her Lord was yet alive, tho' by reason of his absence and unkindness towards her, she mourn'd as a turtle. On the other side of the tree under the other turtle were these words in like manner wrought: *Ille peremptum*, with certain pieces of broken boards, signifying that her own hopes were wholly wrack'd by the death of the Duke for whom she mourned as a solitary turtle without hope of comfort or redress.

SCENES FROM ETHIOPIA.

IF an Alexandrian artist, the companion of Philo Judæus on his embassy to Caligula, should suddenly publish in London a view of the imperial palace, we could hardly be more surprised than we were when we opened this goodly volume. The series of sketches which it contains were made by a gentleman who was attached to the expedition which proceeded under Captain Harris, towards Major, Sir William Harris, to the court of Shoa. So many events have attracted the attention of the public since 1841, so many explorations have begun, continued, and ended either in failure or success, that we must shortly remind our readers of the circumstances connected with the remarkable journey which has been so unexpectedly recalled to us.

In 1841, the Government of India resolved to send an embassy to the Negus, or king, of the Christian territory of Shoa. This potentate claims to be descended from the Queen of Sheba, and represents the early Ethiopian emperors. The object of the embassy was to endeavour to put a stop to the slave-trade, to promote commerce, and to extend the knowledge of geography and natural history. Shoa is a mountainous district, separated from the coast by a wide and arid region, which belongs to the Danakil confederacies, composed of the descendants of Arabs who overran this part of Africa in the name of the Prophet. Captain Harris, the head of the embassy, reached the frontiers of Shoa after a very fatiguing march from Tadjurra, on the African coast, during the course of which some of his attendants were assassinated. The account of the curious form of Christianity established in Abyssinia, and a description of the manners and customs of Shoa, fill a large portion of the work which he published after his return.

Mr. Bernatz accompanied Captain Harris on his voyage from Bombay, via Aden, to Tadjurra. At that place, however, a considerable delay occurred, on account of the difficulty of obtaining camels to transport the baggage into the interior. At length it was arranged that the party should be divided, and on the 1st of June, 1841, Captain Harris and the principal officers started for Shoa, leaving Mr. Bernatz with others behind. Mr. Bernatz remained at Tadjurra till orders came for him to return to Aden, and to wait there till further notice. About the end of October he was directed to sail again for Tadjurra, and to prepare to join Captain Harris at Ankobar. He obeyed cheerfully, although the expedition had now become a service of danger, for quarrels had arisen, and three persons connected with the Shoaan embassy who had been left at Tadjurra had been treacherously murdered. The Sultan of Tadjurra appeared at first inclined to make difficulties, but a hint as to the probable results of a bombardment from a vessel of war which lay off the harbour, soon brought him to reason. Mr. Bernatz and his companions proceeded in a south-westerly direction, suffering frequently from thirst, subsisting chiefly upon rice and coffee, and not unfrequently exposed to extreme peril from the hostility of the wandering tribes which inhabit the dreary district extending from the coast to the Abyssinian Highlands. Near Killalu they halted for a month, after accomplishing about one-half of their toilsome journey. Between this place and the Shoaan territory they ran considerable risk, as well from the enmity of the Gallas as from the wild elephants. At length they arrived at Dinomala, where permission to cross the frontier was given to them. Christian and Hopeful were not more delighted when they reached the country of Berush than poor Mr. Bernatz was by the view which here presented itself. At the distance of about two miles the lofty and fertile mountains of Abyssinia stood up before his eyes, wearied with the glare of the desert.

They rise from the plain, which is about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, mountain above mountain, to a height of eight thousand feet; and by the labour of the Christian husbandmen they are provided with a sort of terrace-like plantation, on which several sorts of corn are grown.

* Scenes from Ethiopia. By John Martin Bernatz. With Descriptions of the Plates, and Extracts from a Journal of Travel. London: Longmans. 1857.

The summits are crowned with villages and hamlets, over which Ankobar, the capital of the kingdom of Shoa, rises majestically in the background, at the height of five thousand feet, from the foot of the mountain. This unexpected sight of the Highlands was so much the more delightful from there not having been a trace either of cultivation or human habitation, except the huts of the Bedouins, on the whole of our journey from the seashore to this place, a distance of three hundred and twenty-four miles.

Arrived at Ankobar, Mr. Bernatz proceeded to make excursions in the neighbourhood, and to take sketches. He also accompanied a great hunting expedition in the low grounds at the base of the mountains. For an account of the proceedings of the mission while in Shoa, he refers his readers to the work of Sir William Harris. That production—as many persons, who have perhaps forgotten much of its contents, will remember with a shudder—is written in a style which renders its perusal a very painful effort. Its author was determined to cloak his adventures in a garb even stranger than themselves; and the result is one of the most turgid and tasteless compositions in the English language. Mr. Bernatz has escaped the shoal on which his predecessor was cast away. The letter-press of his volume, which is quite subordinate to the illustrations, is the work of a man who observes carefully, and tells what he has seen in a quiet and rational way.

His first two sketches belong to the period of his sojourn at Aden, and correspond with the descriptions which Mr. Burton and others have given of that useful but most detestable settlement. The second group illustrates Tadjurra and its environs. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of the town is not fertile, but near the mountains there is a rich vegetation. One sketch, "A Wood near Tadjurra," is very striking. In the foreground are seen the *Azolepias gigantea*, an acacia, and an aloe, growing hard by a pool of water to which the antelopes repair to quench their thirst. Behind these rises a mass of foliage, above which we can distinguish a graceful species of palm. Beyond the wood is a bare line of mountains, and over all, the lurid sky of Africa. The most remarkable scene which Mr. Bernatz has depicted between the sea-coast and the Shoa frontier, is undoubtedly the salt lake, *Bahr Asaal*. It lies in a deep hollow, more than 500 feet below the level of the sea. Round it are masses of lava, and broad plains of solid salt. A small blue pool sleeps in the centre of the basin, and forms the true lake. Year by year it diminishes by evaporation. The time will come when it must entirely disappear, and the entire hollow be filled with a mass of hard salt. Further on there is a picture of an oasis in the valley of Killalu. We are tempted to ask, "If this is an oasis, what must the desert be?" The prominent figures are three crocodiles, and the whole scene takes us back to those pleasant days when the *Megalosaurus* wandered at his own sweet will. A representation of a very perfect mirage and of a sandstorm may also be noticed.

Amongst the Shoa views, there is one of "Ankobar from the South" which deserves mention. The capital of Shoa stands on the top of a lofty mass of mountain-like, to compare great things with small, Civitella and many other towns amongst the Apennines. Not far from Ankobar is a monastery, where the monks sleep strapped to the wall, so as to preserve the perpendicular. On being asked by the visitors the reason of this unusual practice, they answered that they wished to "appear upright before the Lord." The sketches on the river Beres and "Ankobar from the North," are very beautiful. In the picture of a religious procession from the Church of St. Michael is introduced a sketch of the sacred edifice. It differs from the ordinary buildings of the country only in having a cross upon the roof. The shape is somewhat like that of an umbrella. It appears, oddly enough, that in Abyssinia the parasol is the symbol of the Church. Judaism has left many traces in Abyssinian Christianity. The churches are divided, like the temple, into three parts—an outer and an inner court, with a Holy of Holies. Circumcision and baptism are both administered, and Saturday and Sunday are both kept sacred. On Saturday it is thought wrong to commence a journey. Sacrifices also form part of the religious customs of Shoa. Several of the illustrations in this volume are devoted to the slave-trade. From the slave markets of Shoa are supplied the traders of Harar, of Zeila, and Tadjurra. We have already, in noticing Mr. Burton's *First Footsteps in Eastern Africa*, drawn attention to his remarks on the influence which Great Britain might exercise in putting down the commerce in slaves along the Red Sea.

It will be observed that we have spoken chiefly of those views in which Mr. Bernatz has represented the natural features of the country. In truth, these are the only ones which we are able to look upon with any satisfaction. A primeval forest may have few attractions when compared with a scene where the remembrance of great deeds gives a richer glow to the sunset, and a deeper purple to the hills; but the presence of man, when it does not greatly elevate, always debases a landscape. Again and again, when looking over this volume, we have turned with disgust from the hunting, the warfare, or the social life of degraded humanity, and have taken refuge in the rocks of the desert, or the depths of the forest, where the wild elephant or the leopard are the most disturbing elements of the view, repeating to ourselves the words which Humboldt has chosen for the motto of his *Aspects of Nature*:—

Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit! Der Hauch der Gräfte
Steigt nicht hinauf in die weichen Lüfte;
Die Welt ist vollkommen überall,
Wo der Mensch nicht hinkommt mit seiner Qual.

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